

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published half-monthly, by Munroe and Francis.

NO. 8.]

BOSTON, JANUARY 15, 1820.

[VOL. VI.

GUILT; OR, THE ANNIVERSARY.

(A Tragedy, from the German of Adolphus Müllner, &c.)

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE best German critics of the present day seem to be agreed in thinking very poorly of their own dramatic literature. They are proud indeed, as they ought to be, of a few masterly pieces in which the intellectual subtlety of Lessing—the uncontrollable fire and energy of Schiller—and the matchless union of reason and passion which characterizes the genius of their Goethe, have been abundantly displayed. But they complain, with justice, that no one of these great men has given them such a number of fine works, composed upon one set of principles, and in one form, as might furnish any thing like a model for the erection of a true national literature of the drama. Each of them appears, throughout the whole of his dramatic career, to have been perpetually engaged in the search of some great idea or principle which might comprehend within itself the two elements of novelty and dignity in such a manner as might render it worthy of lying at the root of a great superstructure destined to convey to the most distant times an adequate expression of the genius of German thought and German feeling. It may be doubted whether this search has been in any one instance successfully terminated by any of the three powerful writers we have named—and it is quite certain that if such were the case, no one of

themselves was ever quite satisfied that it actually wasso. Of all Lessing's dramatic works, the Nathan the Wise is the only one which is now talked of in Germany as quite worthy of his genius; but, in truth, that singular production has very slender claims to the character of a proper drama. It is rather a philosophical romance, composed in a dramatic form—and as a romance, it is certainly one of the very best, both in conception and execution, to be found in the whole body of European literature. There was something exquisitely happy in the idea of choosing for the exhibition of a picture of the various characters of men as modified by the nature of their religious creeds, that fine period when men of so many different persuasions came together under the influence of the most opposite, and yet the most noble feelings, to rival each other in all the heroism of devotion and chivalry beneath the inspiring sky of Palestine. The very name of Saladin, too, who is the true hero of the piece, possesses a charm beyond which nothing could be desired. It is a thousand and a thousand pities that all the beautiful imagery and passion of the scene and the poet should have been chilled by the coldness of those tenets, the propagation of which was the real object of the whole piece—but this very defect renders it less a mat-

ter of regret that the form of the piece, as a work of art, should have been such as it is—and that, therefore, the masterpiece of Lessing should have failed to be a German tragedy. In like manner, the greatest of all Goethe's works, the *Faustus*, although it exhibits, in the highest degree, almost every power necessary for the construction of perfect dramatic poetry, is, after all, a mere sketch, or rather a mere fragment of a mystical romance. The poet himself never dreamt of its being brought upon the stage—and, indeed, without the magic rod of *Faustus* himself, it would be utterly impossible to bring even any two or three consecutive scenes of it upon any theatre in the world. But Goethe has made many attempts to produce true acting dramas—he has tried every thing from pure imitation of the highest Greek tragedy in his *Iphigenia*, down to the almost prosaic delineation of domestic manners in his *Stella* and *Clavigo*—and at last he seems to have given up the attempt partly from total dissatisfaction with the result of his own endeavours, and partly, no doubt, from observing the much more triumphant effect produced upon the public mind by those almost boyish works which first made known the name of Schiller. That fiery genius, however, was destined to prove, in the end, nothing more successful than his great master and rival. He has produced no works more perfect or satisfactory in form than Goethe's—and while neither the *Wallenstein*, nor the *William Tell*, nor the *Mary Stuart*, can be placed above the *Egmont*—nor the *Bride of Messina* above the *Iphigenia*—it must be confessed, that among the whole creations of his genius, he has left nothing that can sustain, for richness of invention, for purity and variety and strength of language, any comparison with the *Faustus*. By that most untranslateable of all works, we think the great problem has been effectually solved, and for the first time—of the possibility of possessing and exercising even in immediate juxtaposition, nay, almost in perpetual interfusion with each other, the utmost powers both of clear speculative understanding and mysterious su-

perstitious enthusiasm. If any man living can give anything like a translation of it, it must be Coleridge—but with all his majestic dreams of imagination, and all his sway of sweet and awful numbers, we fear even he would fail to do for *Faustus* the half of what he has done for *Wallenstein*.

Since the death of Schiller, and silence of Goethe, the German drama does not seem to have produced any thing worthy of being named along with their master-pieces. Imitation is more a passion among the modern German writers than even among our own—and, in general, it may be said, that the stages of Vienna, Berlin, and Weimar have been supplied with little more than caricature regenerations of *The Robbers* and the *Götz of Berlichingen*, and still more offensive, because more tame, stale, and spiritless copies of the more sustained and regular productions of the same mighty hands. There is much genius, no doubt, and much fine passion in some of Henry Collin's plays, particularly, we think, his *Coriolanus*, which bears reading after Shakspeare's a thousand-times better than Voltaire's *Brutus* does after the *Julius Cæsar*; but that poet wanted both originality of invention and command of expression to be a founder of any thing, far less to be a founder where such men as his great predecessors had failed. As yet the chasm remains unfilled—but after the extracts we are about to lay before them, our readers may, perhaps, be inclined to hope, that the rising genius of Adolphus Müllner may be destined, if wisely directed by himself, and sustained by the favour of his countrymen, to do much for the removal of the reproach. What would we not give to see such a genius among ourselves bestowing all the fine and free energies of his youth upon our own drama. It is true we have not so much to wish for in this department as the Germans, but then, we also would indeed have high hopes, and he that might fulfil them, would indeed have high honours.

This tragedy, which is the first dramatic piece of regular length and construction that has proceeded from its

author, produced a most powerful impression when brought forward on the Vienna stage, and continued during many weeks to form the chief subject of conversation among the highly elegant and cultivated audience of that city. It has since been acted with distinguished success on almost all the other stages of Germany, and has, in fact, already taken a place quite superior to that of any drama written for many years in the language of that country. There are many minor excellences which have had their share in creating so speedily for the piece this high distinction; but the main cause of it must, without all doubt, be sought in the profoundness of those views of Man and his whole destiny, which have been embodied by the author in his performance—views which were never before perhaps embodied in any German drama with so much consistent and uniform seriousness of thought, purpose, and expression, but of which scattered traces may be found in not a few of their most favourite pieces, formed on the Greek model, and in which those who are acquainted with their literature in many of its other branches, will see abundant reason for supposing there is much to harmonize with the prevailing spirit of German thought and philosophy. The interest of this tragedy is deep—it grapples with, and reveals, so far as they can be revealed, many of the most hidden mysteries of the human soul. The elements of feeling, of which it chiefly makes use, are indeed simple elements, unperplexed in the main with any sophistical or phantastic intermixtures, and undisguised by any considerable crowding together of events, incidents, and personages. But the simplicity, both of the story itself, and of the passions which it develops, does not diminish, but very greatly increase the effect of the whole drama. There is enough to satisfy both the eye and the imagination, and surely there is more than enough to awaken trains of reflection that must be lasting, because they are essentially inexhaustible. The nobility of man, when he falls a free-will offering to his virtue;—his poverty, his misery, when he has sinned against the

voice of conscience, and feels himself thenceforth to be a cast-away, a limb dissevered by unworthiness from the harmonious whole of nature;—these are the great and beautiful ideas which this poet has undertaken to illustrate, by his living picture of the workings and the fortunes of humanity. On that picture no man can look with unconcern, for who is he that is so pure and so happy as to find nothing in such a picture that reflects back some faint image of what has passed within himself? The thoughts that he scarcely dare avow to himself have ever passed across his mind—the feelings that have been smothered—the passions that have been strangled in their evil birth—all these are forced back upon his memory; and in reading the tragedy of *GUILT*, every man must confess to his own soul, that in much he has been guilty.

The greatest beauty in Müllner's management of his fable, lies in the skilful and yet perfectly natural manner in which he has contrived to exhibit guilt in the fulness of its misery—without so far disgusting us with his guilty hero, as to take from us any part of that lively interest with which fortunes so strange as his are, are formed to be regarded. In this respect there is no play in the world, except only *Macbeth*, that seems to us so fally to satisfy the mind of the reader or the spectator. In the *Bride of Messina*, indeed, there is much of the same merit; but the defect of harmony in the whole tone of feeling and language in that powerful tragedy is sufficient to counteract, in no slight degree, the deep impression its catastrophe might otherwise have been fitted to create. Imperfectly, notwithstanding, as the moral of that tragedy is brought out by the personages of the fable themselves—it is nobly expressed by the chorus in its conclusion; and, in truth, those sublime words (not easily to be rendered) might have formed, with equal propriety, the conclusion of Müllner's tragedy, or of Schiller's.

Das leben ist der gütter hochstes nich,
Der übel grosstes aber ist die SCHULD.

Another great excellence is the author's use of the idea of *Destiny*—the

manner in which he has presented that idea throughout, with all its power and mystery, and yet without compromising in any degree the entire freedom and responsibility of the agent. His hero, Hugo, is brought before us as one concerning whom evil action and miserable fortune had been foreboded and predicted even before his birth ; and yet, with such truth and power has he given back the image of our mysterious life, that this circumstance does not clash with any of our natural feelings concerning the proprieties of retribution—and we see, that however much of his life may have been foreknown, he was yet master of that life, and the sole artificer of all its issues. In poetry, which is itself the reflection of life, through a medium that both beautifies and magnifies that which it reflects—above all, in such noble poetry as that of Müllner—we are not astonished, that more of the hidden mysteries of life should be seen, than in ordinary life, as we ourselves contemplate it,—any more than that the palpable features of actual life should be exhibited in such poetry with new freshness and energy of colour and of tone. It is only as if the poet were permitted to have some glimpses of that prescience which we know *does* exist, and amidst our admiration of his genius in its other workings, we scarcely permit ourselves to question the possibility of such things being granted to one so gifted as he is. It is possible, without making any use of this awful idea, to represent, with abundant power and energy, some single tragical event, some one unhappy accident in one man's life ; but without its use it appears to us to be quite impossible to unfold a complete panorama of all that inextricably mingled, and indissolubly connected progress of thoughts and actions in which alone the true and entire tragedy of any man's history can be revealed.

The mother of this Hugo, a Spanish lady, being alarmed by some dark words of a gypsy, which promise nothing but evil for his fortunes, is prevailed upon, in the absence of her husband, to give the boy to her friend, a northern countess, who is anxious to have an

heir, and who presents him in that character to her own lord. He is carried to the Scandinavian castle of this lord, and educated there in all the wild freedom and wilder superstition of the north. Ere he has passed the limit of manhood, however, he travels over the world, and is led by his delight in reviewing the recollections of his infancy, to spend some years on the soil of Spain. Knowing nothing of the secrets of his own strange history ; and, in consequence of a change of name, being unknown in like manner to any person in Spain, he forms an intimate friendship with a young nobleman of his own age, and conceives an unfortunate passion for this friend's beautiful wife. After long contending and struggling with his passion, his resolution is at last overcome by the knowledge that his passion is fervently returned. The honour of Elvira is no more, and the suspicions of her lord are soon excited :—in his jealousy he insults Hugo, and kindles thereby the first stirrings of that guilty thought which is destined to lead him to all his misery. He is slain by Hugo in the forest—but it is supposed that he had fallen by an accidental discharge of his own fowling-piece—and (amidst many sorrowful fears on her part, and some dark suspicions, but without any actual knowledge or belief of his guilt) he becomes the husband of the beautiful Elvira, who loves and is loved again with all the matchless fervour of southern imagination and southern blood. They leave Spain, carrying with them the son of Elvira by her murdered husband, and take up their abode in the paternal castle of Hugo, where they spend a year in company with Hugo's unmarried sister Bertha, a lady whose pure northern simplicity of virtue and of happiness affords a strange contrast to those tumultuous miseries and pleasures, between which the life of the guilty husband, and the not innocent wife, is divided.

It is on the evening of the day with which this year terminates, that the action of the play commences. Elvira appears alone upon the stage, beguiling the time with the music of her harp in

her secret chamber, while Count Oerindur is engaged in the chase among the mountains. A gloomy dread—a presentiment of something about to befall her husband, seems to hang upon her mind; and the sudden breaking of one of the strings of her instrument is sufficient, in the excited and feverish state of her fancy, to make her give words in solitude to the apprehensions, whose weight she cannot throw from her. The sister of her husband comes into the chamber and observes her alarm—and being informed of its fantastic origin, ridicules her for indulging in it.

Bertha (with cheerfulness) You know not yet
The ways of northern spirits. It is true,
Beyond your Pyrenees, guitars may breathe
From shadowy hollows, and terrific steeps,
Prophetic music. But, in these cold realms,
Spiritual guests another language hold.—
Down through the chimney's narrow throat the
winds
All blow with swelling cheeks. Then all the doors
At once fly open:—hands invisible
Extinguish every light. The affrighted stork,
Screaming, departs from the devoted house.
The roof-tree cracks, portending sudden fall;—
Owls, great as eagles, at the window peek,
While in the chimney-corner, spitting fire,
Black cats are stationed; and, at last beheld,
Dancing in flames of blue and green, appears—
Even a whole armament of imps from hell:
But if you hear not, close upon your ear,
The owl cry,—“Hugo!” you need never fear
That he will not return.

Elv. (Reproachfully) Bertha!—and yet
Thou mean'st it well;—by jesting wouldest beguile
And tranquillize my spirit. Oh, were this
But apprehension!

Ber. Say, what is it more?

Elv. Past sufferings now their wonted power ass-
sert,

Even in my inmost heart; for at the chace
Perish'd my husband Carlos—Otto's father.

Ber. How!—

Elv. He fell, his horse and he together,
And, in the fall, itself by accident
Discharging, his own carbine then gave
The mortal wound.

Ber. Ah! then, forgive, I pray,
My ill-timed mirth. But, tell me, why was this
So long from me concealed?—

Elv. Thy brother, Bertha,
Shuns all remembrance of that sad event;
For Carlos was his friend, and was to him
Indebted for his life. The creditor
And debtor, more than brothers, loved each other.

Ber. Thou knew'st my brother, then, while Car-
los lived?

Elv. (Confused) No—yes—

Ber. How's this?—You leave me a free choice

Of Yes and No. Thy lord was Hugo's friend;—
You must have known each other.

Elv. We—it was—(After she has by degrees forced
herself to look up at Bertha)

Sister! thy pure and penetrating mind
I know will seal Elvira's condemnation;
Yet must I tell thee what has been to me
The o'erflowing source of anguish. Hugo!—yes—
I knew him—nay, I loved him yet before
The sudden death of Carlos.

(She turns herself away; Bertha goes from her
with the expression of disapprobation. After a
pause, Elvira resumes)

Therefore, now,

A leaf that rustles in the evening breeze
Will make me tremble. God has given me Hugo.—
But still, methinks, just vengeance lies in wait,
With sharp extended sabre, o'er the head
Of that devoted sinner, that, led on
By passion wild, could dare, though but in thought,
To anticipate a husband's early doom.—
Therefore, dread apprehension haunts Elvira.
That she, too soon and suddenly, may lose
The gift bestow'd, but not deserved, of Heaven.

(Bertha returns, looking on her as if with compas-
sion)

Ber. That conscience thus disturbs thine inward
peace,

Bear humbly as a purifying penance;
It is my brother Hugo whom thou lovest,
And Hugo's sister cannot judge Elvira.

(They embrace with emotion, and go severally to the windows. The rushing of the wind, already heard, becomes stronger and more perceptible in the few moments of silence.)

Elv. Hear how the wind awakens on the shore
And the North sea is roaring. All the stars
Are veil'd in clouds, and from the obscure horizon
Comes the thick snow, by raging tempests driven;
And, like the sands of the Arabian desert,
In dusty whirlwinds rises up again,
Covering the numb'd and frozen earth with wreaths,
Like church-yard mounds, as if to mark the graves
Of those that in the reckless storm have perish'd.

(She comes from the window.)

To me it rustles, even as if the air
Were filled with vultures' wings.—Oh Bertha, Ber-
tha!—

Couldst thou but teach me to restrain my fears
For Hugo's safety!

Ber. Be composed, I pray you,
With this assurance, that a band of hunters,
On Danish horses mounted, cannot lose
Their way through well-known woods. Besides,
when clouds

Obscure the stars, still through the flaky drift,
A soft resplendence fails to guide their course,
Even mid the darkest paths of rocky vales...
We call it snowlight;—but in your warm climes
Even is the name unknown.

At this moment the sounds of hunting are heard faintly, and at a far distance—and Elvira, believing that her husband has returned, calls on her son Otto, to go forth and receive him at the

casile gate. The boy obeys, but in a short time returns with the intelligence, that a *stranger* has arrived, an old knight, he says, and a Spaniard, with a retinue. The boy is delighted with the sight of their Spanish dresses, and the music of their Spanish speech—and he wonders why his mother should not partake in his innocent joy. The stranger, however, is hospitably received, and after he has been conducted to his apartment, the conversation between Elvira and Bertha is resumed. The sister laments over the changed manners and ill-concealed unhappiness of her brother. There is much beauty in the whole of this dialogue. Elvira says, towards its conclusion,—

How? not happy?—he is mine,
And if he loves me, then he must be so.

Ber. [With a melancholy smile, and doubtfully shaking her head]

With inward peace his bosom deeply fill'd,
And singing as he goes, when winter comes,
To southern realms the white swan hies away.
Thence duly he returns, with clearer voice,
And plumage more resplendent —*Not so Hugo!*
Borne through the azure kingdoms of the main,
Gaily he went, unruffled as the swan,
Strong as the mountain-eagle. But, alas!
As he went forth, not so did he return
To his paternal hearth and anxious friends.
As in your bosom, so in his prevails
A storm of passions fierce that blaze away
The torch of his internal energy.—
His lock'd up bosom, that but ill conceals
The impulse to wild pleasure; and his looks
Retiring, dark,—that, when they meet in yours
Gleam after gleam of self-destroying fire—

(She pauses.)

Ah, these are not the signs of happiness!—
That cannot live, unless where it is fed
By calm repose and peace.

At last word is brought that the Count is safe, although he has been in great danger from the assault of a wild boar—and shortly after he enters the castle. He will not see Elvira till he has washed the blood from him—and while he is doing so—once more Bertha and Elvira are left alone, and the first act closes with this striking passage.

Ber. How is it with you, sister?—Why are thus your looks disturbed?

Elv. That fearful narrative!—
How vividly all came before my sight!
Oh horrible!

Ber. Exaggeration all!
He who assists to cut away a branch
Makes it a towering tree.

Elv. (*Possessed by her own fancies.*)

Oh, Heaven protect me!
He is a raging tiger!

Ber. Surprised. Who?
Elv. Count Hugo.

Ber. Surely you dream.

Elv. Ay, it was a frightful dream,
That on our marriage night o'erpowered my soul:—
I thought to embrace my husband—when behold!...
A tiger glared upon me.—White I tell it
Even now delirium almost seizes me.—
I could not leave him;—and I kissed his claws
And bloody teeth.—He—

(She pauses, overpowered by her imagination.)

Ber. Phantoms all!—the offspring
Of heated blood.

Elv. Oh no!—too true—too near
Is the resemblance:—Bertha—say yourself—
Does not the Count now every day become
More wild and daring?—When he would embrace

me,
I throw myself all shuddering on his breast—
He is indeed a tiger—whom I must
With terror hate: or even to madness love.

Even while he gently leans himself upon me,...
Sighs lovingly, with eyes demanding kisses;
Even then within those eyes a frightful gleam
Oft-times appears, that like the lightning's flash
Pierces my frame: and mine own chosen husband
Seems to me like a wild beast of the forest,
That loves me,—yet might rend me even to death!..

(After a pause and earnestly.)

May Heaven protect your pure and virgin heart
From such internal furies, that, conflicting,
Alternate urge me on to hate and love.

(Exit.)

Ber. [having looked after her] Are these dire sufferings then in fervid climes
Called love?....(Deeply moved)...Oh! had my brother staid at home!

At the opening of the second act, Hugo is discovered reposing on a sofa in his chamber quite exhausted with his fatigues. His sister Bertha enters, and a fine and highly dramatic conversation ensues between them. Bertha narrates the alarms of Elvira, and Hugo turns to go to his wife's apartment. Bertha says—

— the wild boar attack'd you, and you seized
Him in your turn, and conquer'd him like Samson,
Or Hercules, that with his hands alone
A lion could destroy.

Hugo. He is a fool
That Holm—a babbling fool. 'Twas nothing:—
Chance made the encounter somewhat rough, and
vex'd me...

Danger there could be none. Yet was the tale
Not suited for Elvira...

Ber. So it seem'd;

For almost like a corse with open eyes,
So haggard, and so pale she look'd, when Holm
The story ended. Scarcely could her limbs
Support her trembling frame... Yourself she called
A ravenous beast...and then began to tell
A frightful dream, that on her bridal-night...
(Hugo turns to go out.)

But you are going ?

Hugo. I will go to her...—

If against me her heart has now been turn'd,
I must take care to win it back again...—
'Tis but when absent that Elvira hates me.

Ber. Yet leave her time to be more tranquillized,
Dear brother, and meanwhile impart to me,
Thy faithful Bertha, what in truth it is,
That so disturbs thy peace.—'Tis plain to all,
In your intreated looks, the flame
Of mutual passion glows, and you possess
Each other with the church's benediction.

Hugo (*half aside*) The blessing of a priest—but
not of Heaven !

Ber. This union of true hearts will not remain
Unblest by children.—What—I beg you tell me—
What can thus drive you from and to each other,
Even like two ships on a tempestuous sea,
Asunder borne, or on each other dash'd ?

Hugo. Know I myself?—Methinks the south and
north

Should never kiss each other—They are poles
Of one straight line divided by their axis.—
If the blind efforts of fierce violence change
That right line to a circle, and tie up
The south and north together, for a space
By force they may be join'd;—but like the steel
Of a bent bow, that circle will return
Ere long to what it was, and so remain.

Ber. To clear up riddles, and afford solution
To anxious doubts like mine, comparisons
Will not suffice.

Hugo. I have no more to give.—
Even to myself, no less than to my friends,
I am a riddle.—In my feverish being
The hostile poles methinks are met together.—
Born in the south, but here bred up I feel
Nor here nor there, like one that is at home.—
Even as a tree, whose roots dislike the north,
Yet in the south, his branches meet decay;—
Here frozen in the stem, and *there* with leaves
Inflamed and parch'd.—Together in myself,
I join both cold and heat,—and earth and Hea-
ven,
Evil and good.

Ber. Delusive visions all!—
Though first in Spain thine eyes beheld the light,
Yet were our parents both from the same stock
Of northern worthies.

Hugo. Thine were so, 'tis true—
My parents were of different origin.

Ber. (*Surprised*) How !

*[Hugo starts on perceiving that he has said more
than he intended; then becomes tranquil.]*

Hugo. There is no reason now,
That I should still conceal, what on the field,
Surrounded by his own victorious troops,
While he lay dying in mine arms, thy father
To me confided.

Ber. Ah!—What must I hear?

Hugo. That I am not thy brother.

Ber. (*Who sinks on a chair, covering her face*) Oh!
poor Bertha ! (*Suddenly she springs up again.*)
Good Heavens!—and wherefore?
Hugo. What alarms you thus?
Ber. 'Tis nothing. Pray tell on.

Then follows the whole narrative of
Hugo's birth, which had been revealed
to him by his supposed father at the
moment of death. It is beautifully
thrown together, but our limits forbid
our yielding to the temptation. At its
close—Bertha, who has listened in un-
broken silence, exclaims with pathetic
emotion.

Ber. Oh, farewell all
My golden dreams of pleasure !

Hugo. What is this?
Bertha, what thus afflicts you?

Ber. Oh, thou *Nameless*!
And can't thou ask?—Think on our early years;
How we, from youth, grew up even like twin flowers,
That on the self-same stalk together bloom.
I lov'd you;—nay, the fibres of my heart,
With yours were intertwined. A sweet delusion
Sanctioned and rendered holy my attachment.
(*In tears.*) Now is the magic seal in pieces broke;
My heart is broken with it.

Hugo. Bertha!—girl!—
Forget what Hugo said—love him again,
And he shall ever as a brother love thee.
Ber. (*After a long negative shaking of the head.*)
Oh, no!—The dream is past and gone.—The days
Of innocent love are past. No more shall I
Embrace thee.—Thou art not an *Oerindur*.
Between a sister's and a woman's love
The veil is rent asunder. From this roof,
My father's castle, where thy silence held me,
If so thy countess wills, I must away. [*Exit.*]

Shortly after the boy Otto enters; he
comes to inform the count of the arrival
of the Spanish stranger. Ere he has
done speaking Elvira enters: Bertha
has been telling her the strange story
just communicated by Hugo—and El-
vira, in her wildness, has conceived jea-
lousy of Bertha, now no more believed
to be the sister of her lord. Hugo re-
pels her suspicions—and after a pause,
Elvira thus speaks—tremblingly,

Hugo! can't thou forgive me?

Hugo. I deplore
Thy misery and my own.

Elv. Can Bertha?
Hugo. Freely....
She in her heart is conscious of no crime;—
She can look boldly, and defy suspicion—
But we have not even power to trust ourselves.

(Halfaside) If e'er we cast our eyes upon the past!—
Elv. (Alarmed.) Hugo! why these remembrances?—The wife
 Of Carlos lov'd thee; and for this, in turn,
 Now feels the raging pangs of jealousy.
Hugo. (In a hollow voice) To-day?—Ay, ay!
 This day is still assured.
Elv. (Anxiously) To-day!—What mean'st thou?
Hugo. Was it not the time
 When Carlos perish'd?
Elv. (Covering her face) Oh, Almighty Powers!
 (The candles are gradually burnt out, and
 the stage becomes obscure.)
Hugo. Remember'st thou how, in the chapel then,
 Surrounded by the coffins of thy fathers,
 We met in secret, 'mid the mouldering graves.
 Sadness without, but mutual joy within
 How then and there—
Elv. Hold—hold! or thou wilt kill me.
Hugo. [After a considerable pause, and at last with
 superstitious terror.]
 If now he were to come, at this dark hour,
 When love at last, by its own fire consumed,
 Burnt out even like those candles, laughs no more
 In either heart—if out of these grim vaults
 He came as a remembrance!
Elv. (Shuddering) O horrible!
 (A short stillness; afterwards knocking at
 the door. HUGO and ELVIRA support
 each other.)
Hugo. *Elv.* (Together.) Ha!—

This last exclamation is called out by the entrance of the Spanish guest—in his lofty lineaments and air, Hugo recognises at once the father of the murdered Don Carlos. The old man had been absent for many years in America, and hearing, on his return to Spain, the calamitous issue of his son's life—he has come hither to see in the North the only remaining heir of his family—the child of Carlos and Elvira. It soon appears, however, that far other thoughts have had at least as large a share in the motives of his journey. His fears had been excited by the appearance of his son's embalmed body—and an unconscious suspicion has haunted him till he resolved to satisfy it by seeing the husband of Elvira. The confusion of Hugo on hearing the narrative of Don Valeros—his wanderings—his purposes—and his hopes—for he says more than enough to awaken all the alarms of that guilty conscience—is terrible to Elvira, and confirms too well the suspicions of the Spaniard.

Some of the finest scenes in the tragedy occur in the third act. The suspicions of Don Valeros are alternately lulled asleep and awakened again by the favourable representation he receives of Hugo's character from the lips of the boy Otto, and the native nobility of Hugo's dispositions as manifested in many of his own words, on the one hand;—and by hints of the truth darker and darker every moment which fall from Hugo himself on the other—till his anxiety is at last wrought up to a pitch of anguish.

Val. Are you quite sure?
Otto. Nay, there was ample proof.
 Count Hugo once in public risqued his life
 To save my father.
Val. Was it so?
Otto. Most certain.
Val. But how—and where?
Otto. Now only hear my story.—
 'Twas at a bull-fight—one of those encounters
 Where the bull only is to be enraged—
 Before the sport began, my father came,
 Guiding some foreign ladies from above,
 Down to the ring below;—where they desired
 Something—I know not what)—to view more nearly.
 There suddenly, a door by negligence
 Left insecure, sprung open; and we heard
 On every side loud screams—“The bull—the bull!”
 The ladies fled; and in their consternation
 Lock'd up my father with the raging beast—
 “Where are the dogs?—Unkennel them!” This cry
 Succeeded,—but no dogs appear'd.—The monster
 Whetting his horns, with louring aspect then
 Began his dread attack.—Then louder screams!—
 ‘He's lost! he's gone!’ with horror fill'd our ears.
 But on the instant sprung like lightning down
 From his high seat, the Count—
Val. (Interrupting him.) Aye—that was brave.—
Otto. Then drew his sword, and boldly struck the
 beast,
 Who raging turned: but that first stab was mortal;
 When Hugo was assailing him again,
 He fell down with an hideous roar, convulsed,
 And stretch'd ere long his stiffening limbs in death.—
 Then with loud shouts of wonder and applause
 The place resounded!
Val. But didst thou behold
 That noble feat?
Otto. Yes, I was there.
Val. (Aside.) Aye—this
 Has overpowered my horrible suspicions:
 And even in this mysterious house again
 I freely breathe.—(To Otto.)—Now for your narrative
 Of such a noble Spanish deed, I thank you.

Again, when Hugo and Valeros converse alone;—nothing can be finer than this dialogue:

Hugo. — You are a father—and you weep the loss
Of a loved son.—*I lost myself in him!*
Like an enchanter did that man divide me
Into two separate existences ;—
And as in life—so in his death he proved
The source, at once, of happiness and woe.
Val. (Doubting and surprised.) How ?
Hugo. Once upon a time a pious knight
Through an enchanted forest rode, and there
Forgot to cross himself. Then suddenly
A Pagan fell upon him, who displayed
A form, cuirass, and helmet, like his own.
They fought together, (while the evening closed)
Till, mutually, a furious encounter
Struck to the ground both visors, and with horror,
Each combatant, by supernatural light,
Saw his own features glaring out upon him
From his opponent's head-piece. And thereafter,
When the light faded, the blind influences
Of darkness either champion impell'd
To hack and hew his enemy with wounds,
That his own limbs most painfully sustained.—
So, since my wandering steps within the house
Of Carlos brought me, I have fallen asunder
Into two separate beings, that support
A ceaseless warfare.

Val. Such discourse to me
Is most obscure ; and yet thou paint'st in riddles
A not unfit resemblance of what I
Myself experience in the alternate impulse
Now to join hearts with thee—and now to hate thee !

Hugo. So have I also felt towards thee.

Val. Which impulse

Then must follow ?

Hugo. (After a short silence, in a severe tone.)

Hate me !

Val. This to avert,

Prove that thou hast not merited my hatred.

Hugo. (Without looking up.) Then love me !

Val. But if so, methinks, it follows,

I must abhor your wife.

Hugo. (Starting.) How so ?—What mean'st thou ?

Val. In truth, my lord, I mean that one of you,
I know not which, has been unjust to Carlos.

Hugo. Indeed ! then fix the crime on me alone,
Because on me thou canst avenge the wrong
With sword in hand.

Val. All voices plead for thee

That I have heard in Spain. All styled you there,
The Friends.

Hugo. (Much moved.) Aye, so we were.—Take not,
I pray,

The words in ordinary acceptation.

Our lives resembled, then, two mountain streams,
That, singly, when they wind around the cliffs
Can scarce a fisherman's light bark sustain ;
But, when united, they rush nobly on,
Both richer by that union, and admired
By all around :—then lightly dance the waves,
Triumphant, bearing loaded ships along.

Val. If this comparison is just, you were
In truth most enviable. Where, and how,
United were the streams ?

Hugo. Bereft of parents—by no brother aided—
To none allied—I came to Talavera,
The abode of many a noble family,
Where courteously I was received. Don Carlos,

Whose residence was there, until the king
Appointed him an office at Tortosa,
With hospitable kindness welcomed me :
His house became like my paternal home ;
Mysteriously it seem'd that the same rooms
Which then I saw, had sheltered me in childhood :—
The same ancestral portraits frowned upon me ;
And faces like to them, and his, and thine,
Had round my cradle stood. The home I sought
Was found at last ;—Carlos and I were one ;—
His son became my child—Elvira then
Was to me like a sister. (*With painful emotion.*)
Oh my Carlos !

Val. (Affected.) Excellent man ! No—he who thus
had loved
Could not so fall !

Hugo. (Startled.) How ?—not ?—

Val. Let me not utter
That which even to have thought I am ashamed !
What you were to my son, be now to me—
A Friend !

Hugo. (fixing his eyes on him.) To you ?—Aye—you
may venture it,—
You have no tempting wife.

Val. (With horror, stepping back.) My lord !
Hugo. (suddenly, and in a deprest tone) Judge not !
Thou art a man, composed of soul and body—
One day, may be Heaven's denizen ;—to-morrow,
The slave of hell ! (*Freely, and more quickly.*)

Go reckon with *The Sun*,
That comes too near our foreheads in the south,
For the lost golden joys of Innocence—
That looks unguarded, and the impulse wild
Of heated blood for ever has destroyed !—
(*After a pause.*) Now, dost thou know the knight of
whom I told,

That in the gloom of an enchanted wood
Contended with himself ? Hast thou compassion
For him who loved his friend with heart sincere,
Yet loved his friend's wife more ? Or sympathy
With anguish such as mine, when I embrace
The widow of Don Carlos, and behold
(So it appears to my distempered brain)
His angry spectre frowning still upon me ?

Val. My lord, have I received full explanation ?
Is this then all ?

Hugo. (Recollecting himself.) Yes—all that I dare
tell

Of the sad history.

Val. [after a pause.] Spirits blest, in heaven,
They only can be pure. I do lament
Thy sufferings, Count. May heaven in mercy judge
thee !—

Hugo. (half aside.) Amen.

Val. Your ladies come.

Hugo. (suddenly.) Receive Elvira
As one who merits friendship...She is guiltless.

In the same act the secret of Hugo's real parentage is first disclosed to him in the course of a very skilfully conducted conversation, in which he and Valeros, and Elvira, and Bertha, all bear a part—each contributing some separate item of knowledge,—the aggregate of which, as our readers may al-

ready have suspected, amounts to nothing less than a complete proof that the Spanish lady who gave away Hugo to the northern countess, was the wife of Don Valeros, and that consequently he has married the widow of his brother. The other, and the far more fearful truth which is thus forced upon the guilty mind of Count Hugo, is already, in like manner, suspected by our readers ; but nothing can surpass the manner in which the disclosure of that truth is wrung from the remorseful fratricide himself in the anguish of his ungovernable spirit.

Val. Ah ! there is no doubt,—
'Tis she ! And, Oerindur, thy name is Otto.
Thou art my son !

(He wishes to embrace him. Hugo resists him with outstretched arm, and turns away his face.)

Ber. My lord, compose yourself.
The whole affair is clear.

Hugo. (in a hollow voice.) Clear !—Aye, indeed,—
Clear as the lurid flames of yawning hell,
That now are laughing out into the night,
Rendering the footways visible whereby
The devil walks on earth !—

Val. Count Oerindur !
I stand perplexed before thee.—

Elv. Canst thou not
Explain what moves thee thus ?

Hugo. Oh, it would kill thee.
Such knowledge to contain, no mortal breast
Affords fit space.

Ber. Nay, speak—it must be told.

Hugo. By dreams and gipsey prophecies, to those
Who listen and believe, hell threatens danger.
Thereby the light of reason is obscured—
The senses all disordered ;—deeds insane
Forthwith are done ; and horrid guilt incur'd
Even through the stratagems employed to shun it.
(Solemnly) Mother ! before the judgment-seat, on thee
Must fall a share of his foul crime.

Elv. (Suspecting.) Oh Heaven !

Hugo. Fly to its mercy.

Val. (also with suspicion.) Otto—

Hugo. Cain, say rather !

Cain, the accursed.—By this hand Carlos fell.

(*Valeros* staggers, and falls into a chair.
Bertha starts back with horror.)

Elv. (Who turns herself away ; her hands
folded and reversed upon her forehead, and
cries out, thinking of her dream,))

Tiger ! (She faints.)

Ber. (hastening to her.) Oh God ! She dies.

Hugo. (Approaching *Valeros* slowly, with
compassion.)

You sought a son,
Whom you had lost, ere he beheld his father.

Woe to the eyes that found him out at last,
And cannot weep.

Val. (Raising himself up with difficulty.) Cursed be
the day whose light

Thou first beheld'st—the womb that brought thee
forth :—

The breasts that fed thee—Monster ! whom the north
Rear'd up for murder, and the southern heat
Matured.—(He sinks exhausted back into a chair.)

Ber. (Still busied with *Elvira*.) Oh, had I not un-
veiled this horror.

Hugo. Aye, this at last is consolation. Mark me !
That which I knew alone, and which from others,
(That so the innocent might not partake
Its dread effects) with pain I have conceal'd,—
That secret was a slow and wasting fire
That raged within my breast, as in a house
Whose doors and windows all are closely barr'd.—
But cold and heat alternate reign'd within me ;—
Contending pain and pleasure ;—for the heart
Wherein flame rages thus to cool itself
By pain and pleasure strives. Even like his hounds,
In toil and blood the hunter finds repose.—
(Breathing more freely.) But this is consolation !—
the fierce flames

Broke forth into the day-light with the words
Which desperately I utter'd. Now comes peace,—
Burnt out at last, and tranquil stands the ruin !

Elv. (Who has raised herself up in the arms
of *Bertha*.)

Bertha ? why wilt thou not in mercy let
My bonds of life be broken ?—(Staring forward)
Carlos' Ghost,

Blood-stain'd, is pointing to his wound,—and now,
His threatening arm is rais'd against my husband.—

Val. Ah ! 'tis too true—all direfully confirm'd !
The obscure presentiments that led me on
Were but the longing and the natural horror
To meet thus face to face, the murderer !—
HE IS MY SON.

The struggle of the father's feelings
at last ends in his commanding his son
to repair to Rome, and seek from the
common father of the faithful that
pardon which he only, as the vicar of God
upon earth, is supposed to have the
power of granting. But Bertha, who
is a protestant, conjures Hugo to adhere
to the faith in which he had been bred,
and not by apostacy add new guilt to
his overburdened soul. Hugo exclaims
as follows, and with this the act termin-
ates.

I am a Christian and a man. Too well
I know that words alone may not efface
The stain of fratricide.—(Disturbed and earnestly.)

But to the sinner
Remains another dome ; a prouder vault
Than aught that Rome can boast ! And this to all
Who trust in God, whatever be their creed,
Is open. Proudly arch'd, and sapphire blue,
Rises this vault magnificent on high !—
And there, even at the dark hour, you behold

Pictures, with sparkling diamonds surrounded.
 Five of those look down on me, and present
 Of my own life the portraiture; for there
 I find a *Bull*; two *Brothers* and a *Woman*,
 (Sovereign in charms) an *Archer* and a *Scorpion*.
 In morning's early beams, those symbols fade,
 And in a wide area there is risen
 An altar for a sacrifice. Then come
 The pious crowd, assembling to behold
 (While solemn dirges sound) the victim wait
 His final doom.—(*He pauses for a moment.*)
 Know'st thou this altar? Fools
 Name it a *Scaffold*!

(All are visibly startled. He concludes
 firm and rapidly.)

There, and only there,
 A blessing can be gain'd. The axe alone
 Can reconcile me with myself—or Heaven!
 (Exit suddenly.)

It is in this third act that the whole burning interest of the tragedy is concentrated. Here every thing is pressed together and conglomerated to bring out the full measure of Hugo's guilt, and to prepare us for the consummation of his fearful destiny. Nor can any thing be to our mind more admirable than the deep and pathetic and unsailing power with which the poet has extricated himself from the difficulty of drawing out of so few persons, each of them in part ignorant, a secret made up of so many minute circumstances,—and yet, presenting, when once revealed, such an easy and satisfactory fulness of effect. Above all, it appears to us that there is masterly beauty in the episodic character of the child Otto. The boy moves among things of horror without suspecting the least of that which has heaped so much misery on the halls of Oerindur. His pure spirit walks uncontaminated even by the dread of guilt amidst all the glowing embers of guilt—passion—repentance—remorse—vengeance—and desired death. With a true poetical reverence for the dignity of his innocence, the tragedian has continued to keep the boy clear, and removed from all his most violent spectacles of struggling passion; and yet he has made a part, and that, too, a great part of the fatal story, to be gathered from the lips of the innocent; and besides has introduced him ever and anon to increase, by the contrast of his unsuspecting simplicity, the terror inspired by the other agents of the piece.

Throughout, the boy's character and behaviour are made to furnish a new point of view from which the whole scene is viewed with emotions of a nature much opposite to the principal one—and yet harmonizing in most delicate union with it—tempering it and us by its tenderness—without in the least detracting our conceptions or our interest of terror. He is a beautiful personification of the loveliness of those infant years—when the world, and all that it inhabit, are seen through the medium of joy and confidence, and reposing love, and the convulsions of intellect, and the storms of passion rave all around, without obscuring for a moment the bright serenity of the faith of youth—

Around thee and above,
 Deep is the air and dark—substantial black—
 An Ebon mass—methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge. But when I look again,
 There is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine—
 Thy habitation from eternity !

At the close of this act the reader feels irresistibly that he stands on the threshold of some scene of visible horror—and that in blood alone can all these fierce flames of polluted love and guilty conscience be quenched. It is clear that the moment of earthly expiation is at hand for the sinner; that if the world could bear him, he can no more bear the world; and that to die is all that remains for Hugo. Elvira also, though far less guilty than he, is a part of him; it is impossible to dream of those whose union has been bought at so dear a price being separated from each other. They live but in each other's existence; they have dared all the scorns of the world to be united—a dark necessity has interwined inextricably all their hopes and wishes—and imperfect pleasures—and ill-concealed miseries; they are one in life—and we feel, that, without a sin against nature, they cannot be represented as otherwise than one in their death. Clearly, however, as the catastrophe is foreseen, we have no conception by what means it is to be brought about. And great is the art which the poet has exhibited in bringing it about—preparing the persons themselves gradually and surely for

the issue—and leading us also step by step to the only position from which we could see an entire and perfect termination to all the earthly darkness of their destinies.

The first idea of Hugo, as we have seen, is to deliver himself up to justice, and expiate his guilt upon the scaffold ; but the Spanish pride of Valeros rejects this idea with horror. Bertha proposes that her brother should offer himself to take the command of an armament about to proceed against an invading enemy—there to meet an honourable death ; or, if he survives, to wash out by his heroism the remembrance of his sins. She mentions this first to Elvira, who shudders at the notion of being separated from him—even now in his despair.—In her first emotion, she says to Bertha—

Cruel woman !—
Because he cannot wholly be thine own,
Thou doom'st him to destruction !—
Ber. (With dignity) To destruction !—
The polar star that guides the mariner,
Dies only with the world. He whom I love,
Dies but with me. Still cherish'd in my soul
As in the artist's gifted mind exists
The beautiful Ideal ! He partakes not
The fate of perishable mortal frames
That are desir'd...possess'd...and turn'd to dust.....
Only the stains, that on the picture still
Are visible, disturb imagination.
Therefore let Hugo go, and with the sword
Defend his country. So even in his death
Methinks a purer life he shall acquire !

Elv. (With increasing vehemence.) Ay—thus proud woman ! even on earth below
Thou canst belong to heaven, and contemplate
The soul abstract from its corporeal frame,—
Renown from life. I cannot !—What I love
Seems indivisible. When I embrace
My husband, he is all the world to me,
And Bertha shall not rob me of mine empire.

Ber. Let him decide. I hear him now approaching.

Hugo comes in pale and disordered ; and having heard the proposal of Bertha, accepts it with eagerness, but with far different views from what she had contemplated. Before this, however, he bursts into a passionate lamentation over the conduct of his mother—to whose charge a part at least of his guilt should be ascribed. Bertha says,

Ber. May God forgive her errors !

Hugo. Had thy mother

Not told the secret, I had not been lost !....

'Twas this that drove me from the peaceful north
Into the burning clime where love is rage,
And heated blood to murder instigates.

[Half aside.] Crimes whilst they but exist in thought, are nothing ;

And when in silent darkness perpetrated,
They still are nothing while the heart and lips
Can guard the secret.

(To BERTHA, with more vivacity.)

Mark you !...These are snares
That hell employs. Because man has the power
In sinful thoughts to revel uncontroll'd,
The devil draws him on to realize them ;
Believing in the breast's obscurity
To veil his actions, as he veil'd his thoughts.—
Then patiently must be endur'd the load
On thine own shoulders by thyself imposed.
But weaker grow thy steps ; and heavier still,
At every step thy burden ; till at last
The bearer's limbs are broken, and he falls,
And tears with him to the profound abyss,
Wife !—father ! [He groans deeply.] Oh !

Ber. (Agitated, and half aside.)

Alas ! this is beyond
The power of the physician.

Then comes the proposal ; it is thus
that he receives it :

Ha ! gentle Dove ! Where hast thou learn'd so well
What fits the ravenous vulture ?

This indeed
Affords the cure. I thank thee, mild physician !
Who heal'st with fire and sword !

(With inflamed looks.) BLOOD WILL HAVE
BLOOD !

Ber. (Agitated, and turning from him.)
Oh, heaven !

Hugo. A man...were it a brother...murder'd...
Shot by a coward and insidious aim,...'tis nothing !
'Too much indeed for conscience, but too little
To satisfy the cravings of an hell,
Whose flames are thereby nurtured.

[With increasing effect] With mankind
I will have bloody reckoning, even for this,
That I was born a man, and like to man
From innocence have fall'n.

No longer now
On single victims, but on multitudes
My arm will bring destruction. I will sow
The bloody fields with mingled carcases.
Towns fortified the firebrands will assail,
And though the pious should implore for mercy,
Devote their peaceful homes to raging flames,
That crackling flash on high, and fill the streets
With heat and horror. O'er the piled up dead
Is the last rampart storm'd...The gates are shatter'd—
The troops, to madness rous'd up by the blood
Of their fall'n comrades, rush with shouts of triumph
Amid the lamentations ; merciless,
With female blood pollute the sacred altar ;
Or, by the white hair, tender children drag
Andwhelm them in the flames.

(More slowly.)—Then when the day
Of glory is concluded, and the victor
Binds up his tigers ;—when the cries of death
Have pass'd away, and night's obscurity
Conceals the ruin'd town, then lamps are kindled,

And from the half-burnt churches thou shalt hear
" Te Deum ! " wailing forth.
Ber. (*Shuddering.*) Oh, horrible !—
I had no thoughts like these. I wish'd thee rather
(Humanely risking thine own life) to rescue
Thy countrymen from hostile chains. The laurel
Might thus adorn thy temples, and conceal
The fratricidal brand upon thy brow.

Hugo. Well then ! my disposition is not evil—
Those frightful images were but the game
Of fantasy. I know what thou intend'st—
That I should die, and bury far from home
My foul disgrace and misery.

Ber. *Leaning on him, and weeping.*) Oh my brother !

Hugo. (*Moved.*) See now—thou weep'st ;

Think'st thou I fear to die ?—

DEATH HAS FAR LESS OF TERROR THAN RE-PENTANCE !

The dead perchance are happy.

Yet even here his soul makes manifest its pollution, and a new thought of guilt enters his mind.

Hugo. It shall—by Heaven it shall !
Dispatch that letter. The lost provinces
Shall be re-captured ;—but not for the king ;
They shall belong unto the conqueror.—
I will exalt the injur'd exil'd son
High on the throne of power ;—will sow with diamonds

Elvira's rich dark tresses : till like stars,
They dazzle every eye.—I will adorn
Her temples with the regal coronet ;
Her graceful form with gold embroider'd purple :
Then to my heart the lovely woman press,
And die of pleasure—Haste !—It shall be done.—

Ber. Ay, true, indeed ! Hell will not let escape
Whom it has once o'ercome. Even as the needle,
Touch'd by the magnet, ever seeks the north,
So he that once by guilt has been defil'd,
Turns ever more to evil.

Hugo. What hast thou
So wicked found in my designs ?
Ber. (*Sternly.*) High treason !
Treachery and devastation !—Woe to thee !
The influence of a father's curse is on thee !

Hugo. (*After a short pause.*) Ay—thou art in the right : I am indeed

A villain !
Ber. Hugo, be composed.—The secret
So suddenly disclosed, has, like a flash
Of lightning, stunn'd thee. What, in such a trance,
Thou dream'dst of evil, thou wouldst not fulfil
If once awoke !—

Hugo. Indeed ?—yet in thy breast
The thought first rose—therefore it must be good.

Ber. It was at least intended well. But yet
An inexperienced maid may strive in vain
To look into the heart of man.

Hugo. Not so.—
Thou hast decided well. The die is cast,

After the departure of the females,
there comes a fine soliloquy of Hugo,
in which it is easy to see that his spirit

is brooding upon the idea of immediate self-destruction ; but the imitation of Hamlet is here too evident, and the poetry far inferior. He is interrupted by Valeros—and there follows a scene which is, perhaps, the most daring in the tragedy, and which, although we have far transgressed our limits, we cannot resist giving entire. It is quite worthy of a Ford or a Webster.

HUGO, VALEROS. *His sword at his side, and carrying another cautiously concealed under his cloak.*

Val. (*Yet in the back-ground, and in a deep protracted tone.*) OTTO !

Hugo. (*Who starts violently, and his knees tremble as he turns towards the door.*)

Oh, is it you ?

Val. (*Coming forward.*) Wherefore are you thus trembling ?

Hugo. Your voice ! It seem'd almost that Carlos called.

Val. (*Half aside.*) Indeed !—Who knows ?—

Hugo. (*Disquieted.*) Then will you not retire
To rest ?—But you are armed !—And wherefore thus,

At such an hour ?

Val. To arms a Spaniard still

Resorts whene'er his name has been disgrac'd.

Hugo. Be quiet—I know all,

Val. What ?

Hugo. For thy sake,

And Bertha's, and Elvira's, I must forfeit

That last resource of ordinary sinners—

Before the people to kneel down and gain

The church's absolution. Yet the curse—

So Bertha told me—the dark influence

Of that paternal curse still hovers over me,

And drives me restless on to wickedness—

Could you not break the fearful spell ?

Val. (*Unimpassioned, but firmly.*) REVENGE

Dissolves it. Therefore, as you see me here,

Arm'd I have sought you.

Hugo. (*Stepping back.*) What ? You would that I—

Val. (*Throwing from a short distance the sword that he carried under his cloak, without violence, at Hugo's feet.*)

As it may happen !—I would have you fight.

Hugo. That God forbid !—Against a father ?

Val. Aye—

The father of thy victim !

Hugo. With a man

In years ?

Val. This is no knightly tournament.

Not strength but skill these weapons will require.

Hugo. (*Anxiously.*) Can you not think ?

Val. I have resolved. The secret

Is known to women—therefore will transpire ;

And Carlos, unrevenged, may not remain.

The stain of fratricide, in such a house

As mine, by Heaven ! blood only can efface.

Nay, more—this is the Anniversary !

He fell to-day ; and therefore now shall fall
The murderer of my Charles or I !

Hugo. [Shuddering] Alas !—
Could'st thou but read my soul ?

Val. Well may the combat
To thee seem horrible :—but as a debt
Thou ow'st it unto me. Now Love and Hate,
Nature and Duty, all contending, tear
Thy father's heart ; and by the sword alone
Peace can be found.—So draw, and guard thyself.

Hugo. Oh, never. Momentary impulse rules
Our actions. It might be, that when the sword
Approach'd my heart, the love of life might seize me,
And I might kill thee !

Val. Well so much the better !

Hugo. And, if the father o'er the son prevail'd,
Then would thy life be forfeit to the laws
That in this kingdom strongly—

Val. (Interrupting him, and proudly.)

Who has taught thee
To draw such false conclusions ?—Don Valeros
Owns upon earth one king alone, who rules
Two southern worlds. Here in the foreign north
No laws can us controul.—If thou shouldst fall,
Then by the proper chieftain of thy house,
Has God decreed thy punishment. Come on !

Hugo. Oh, kill me rather !

Val. [Significantly.] Like a coward ?—No
That is no trade of mine !

Hugo. (Feeling the rebuke.) TRADE ?

(Then with a mixture of supplication
and warning.)

Father !

Val. Come on, I say ! we may be interrupted.—
Will thou not fight ?

Hugo. (Depressed.) NO !

Val. How !—Thou bear'st the name
Of two heroic lines, and art a coward ?

Hugo. (Forgetting himself.)

Who dared to say so ?

Val. Coward and assassin !...

Hugo. (Enraged, takes up the sword.)—
Death and hell !

Val. (Stations himself, and draws his sword.)
At last !...thou roused up tiger,
Unsheath thy sword !...Fall on...have at my heart !...
Hugo. (After a short pause of recollection.)
No !—cursed for ever be this hand, if now
It bears the steel !

(He breaks the sword, still in the scabbard,
close over by the handle---and throws
both pieces behind him.)

Go---and may rust devour thee !—

Val. (Struggling with unconquerable rage.)
Ha !—caitiff ! if thou dar'st not risque the combat,
Then die at once !—

(He suddenly takes his sword, and turns
it in his hand like a dagger.)

We cannot both survive !

When Valeros is just about to stab
Hugo, they are interrupted by Elvira
—and another beautiful scene occurs,
which ends in the reconciliation of the

father and the son—a reconciliation which is not the less deep and tender, because neither of the reconciled entertains any prospect of felicity either for himself or in the other. After this, the unhappy pair are left alone upon the scene, and we feel that the presence of any third individual would be a profanation of their retirement, and a needless insult to that love which even in guilt preserves something of its nobility. A deep stillness prevails for some minutes, during which Hugo sits on his chair, and prays with apparent tranquillity in silence. Elvira kneels by her harp opposite to him, and prays earnestly, but without moving her lips. The clock strikes twelve ; and the Anniversary of Guilt is at a close. A slight shuddering seizes Elvira—she rises slowly from prayer, and calmness is spread over her countenance. Hugo, when the clock has ceased striking, rises slowly from his chair and approaches Elvira.

Hugo. The hour has call'd ! Sweet wife,
Now give me what thou hast, and I require.

Elvira. Oh ! I can understand thee—

(She draws forth the dagger.)

It is this :

Hugo. Its place was on my heart—

Elvira. And thou shall have it !

(Embracing him with ardour.)

Farewell—until we meet again !

Hugo. Aye---there,
Where sister, friend, and wife at last unites,
The same chaste bond. Then give it me---and fly !—

Elvira. Softly !—

(She retires from him, and takes hold with
her left hand of the harp, which rests on
a chair ; then adds resolutely, and with
dignity.)

To me, even as to thee, for ever
Is peace destroy'd ; and equally has guilt
Oppress'd my soul. Now, therefore, since the time
Has come for parting, I shall boldly go
Before thee through the dark and unknown path
That leads to life eternal.

She stabs herself ; her knees falter,
the harp falls sliding from the chair to
the ground, and she sinks down upon it,
holding the dagger in her right hand.

At this moment the whole persons of
the drama rush in, alarmed by the noise
of Hugo's fall—but we cannot quote
any part of the heart-rending scene
which follows. As soon as both have

expired, Don Valeros draws the dagger from the wound of Hugo, and exclaims

If the spirit
When thus the body falls, is free--then come,
Oh, friendly steel ! and give me freedom too !

Bertha wrests the dagger from him, and says,

Knight ! be a man !—Kneels not your grandson here ?

Val. And can't thou live, if thou indeed hast loved him ?—

Ber. I am a christian ;—only those whom *Guilt*
Or madness rules, are suicides. Be thine
To live, even for this orphan boy.

Otto Oh Heaven ?

And wherefore are these horrible events ?

Ber. Enquirest thou why stars arise and set ?
That only which exists is clear below—
More only can the judgment-day reveal.

(*The curtain falls.*)

Such is the termination of this noble tragedy—we feel that no words of ours could add any thing to the effect it must produce.

One word, however, before we close the column, concerning the translation from which we have quoted so lavishly. Our readers may rest assured that it is executed with astonishing closeness to the original—and having said this much, we have said all that is necessary. The translator (who is, as we understand,

Mr. Gillies, the author of *Childe Alarique,*) has exhibited masterly skill in the management of our dramatic blank verse—but that is the least of his praises. He has shewn himself to be not a skilful versifier merely, but a genuine poet, for no man but a true poet can catch and give back again as he has done the fleeting and ethereal colours of poetry and passion. He has produced a work which is entitled to take its place as a fine English tragedy—the finest, we have no difficulty in saying, that has for many years been added to that part of our literature.

Our readers will observe, that the translation has not as yet been published. The author has merely had a few dozens of copies printed for the use of his friends, and he has been so kind as to send us one of them. It is a very fine specimen of typography, one of the most elegant that ever issued from the press of Ballantyne. But we trust he will soon give the world a large edition. The encouragement this play must receive, will also, we hope, stimulate Mr. Gillies to further efforts in the same style. What a fine field lies open for one who possesses, in such perfection as he does, the two richest languages in Europe—the German and the English.

THE FOG SPECTRE.

PHENOMENON.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette.*
SIR,

I LATELY read an account of the figure, which, under some peculiar state of the atmosphere, appears on the Hartz mountain, in Germany. It reminds me of an extraordinary illusion to which I was once exposed ; if it have interest enough for publication, it is at your service. About seven years since, I was one evening, in the month of October, returning late from a friend's house in the country, where I had dined, to the neighbouring town, about a mile distant : the night was exceedingly dark, and I had been requested to take with me a lanthorn ; a pocket one could not be found, and I was provided with that

which the servants generally carried swung in the hand. I had to pass thro' some fields over high ground : soon after I had entered the second of these, I observed something large moving along with me. I placed the lanthorn on the ground, and walking toward it, saw a gigantic figure retiring with astonishing speed. I immediately perceived that it was my own shadow on a fog, which I had not before observed. The appearance of retiring was phantasmagoric, and arose from my interruption of the rays of light from the lanthorn, at a lesser angle, as my distance from the light increased. My return to the light was terrific ; the figure appeared to advance upon me with frightful rapidity, till it seemed forty feet high. If I had

been ignorant of the cause of this appearance, the effects might have much alarmed me, and led to my telling such stories as I should not have gained credit by relating : but aware of the cause, I was delighted with the singularity of

my situation ; and might have been thought mad by an observer, for every fantastic attitude and action I could assume I did, to be mimicked by my new and shadowy acquaintance. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W.

CORNUCOPIA.

From the London Magazines, November and December, 1819.

ENGLISH VEGETABLES.

IN the former part of the reign of King Hen. VIII. there did not grow in England a cabbage, carrot, turnip, or other edible root—and even Queen Catherine could not command a salad for dinner, till the king brought over a gardener from the Netherlands.—The artichoke, apricot, and damask rose, then made their first appearance in England.

IRISH COINS.

There is now in the possession of Mr. Glenny, of Glenvale, in the county of Limerick, an ancient medal, found on his land, on which St. Patrick is represented as in the act of expelling noxious animals from Ireland. On the reverse, King Brian Boroimhe is represented playing on the ancient Irish harp, with his crown and sceptre placed before him.

THE ANTS OF VALENCIA.

M. Humboldt informs us, that ants abound to such a degree near Valencia, that their excavations resemble subterraneous canals, which are filled with water in the time of the rains, and become very dangerous to the buildings.

EMERSON.*

William Emerson, the eminent mathematician, was born at Hurworth, near Darlington, and died there in 1782, aged about eighty-one. He was a man of great singularity in his manners, dress, and conversation ; but, beyond his scientific acquirements, it does not appear that his character exhibited any thing agreeable : yet it is desirable to preserve anecdotes of so extraordinary a man ; and the writer of this is induced to do it, from having recently seen some

* See *Ath. vol. I. p. 576.*

of his works in manuscript, containing numerous rude sketches of philosophical instruments, &c. His own apparatus must have been equally rude, as, it is said, his telescope consisted of three or four cask-staves, and his microscope was a small lens, set in the top of a spring window fastener.—He wore, as he sat by the fire in winter, two pieces of bark on his shins, to prevent their being injured by the heat. He was constantly in the habit of walking to Darlington, except in the latter part of his life, and then he rode a horse, which was valued at not more than half a crown, exclusive of its skin. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this was a slow mode of travelling, which made him say to some passengers, “ Ye'll beat me, for ye're a-foot.” He was on his way home (on foot), the only opportunity my father had of seeing this celebrated man, and then he was carrying a sheep's heart and lights, and, being in a state of intoxication, the road was nothing too wide for him : but the bloody load was thrown first over one shoulder, and then over the other, as he reeled along.

Once attending a meeting of the Royal Society, one of the servants attempted to intercept his progress, supposing he had missed his way, and that a man of his mean appearance was not likely to be admitted : all his reply was, “ I's Emerson !” which he supposed would be sufficient,—knowing that his works had found admission before him.

DETONATING MUD.

M. Humboldt informs us, that Don Carlos del Pozo has discovered, in the Llanos of Monai, at the bottom of the Quebrada de Moroturo, a stratum of

clayey earth, which inflames spontaneously, when slightly moistened and exposed for a long time to the rays of the tropical sun. The detonation of this muddy substance is very violent. It is of a black colour, soils the fingers, and emits a strong smell of sulphur.

COACHES.

Coaches were introduced in 1585 ; before which time, Queen Elizabeth rode, on public occasions, behind her Lord Chamberlain.

THE LANTERN OF MARACAYBO.

A meteoric phenomenon, (according to M. Humboldt,) is seen every night on a mountainous and uninhabited spot on the borders of the river Catatumbo, near its junction with the Sulia. Being nearly in the meridian of the opening of the Lake of Maracaybo, navigators are guided by it as by a light-house. This light is distinguished at a greater distance than forty leagues. Some have ascribed it to the effects of a thunder-storm, or of electrical explosions, which might take place daily in a pass in the mountains ; while others pretend that it is an air volcano. M. Palacios observed it for two years at Merida. Hydrogen gas is disengaged from the ground in the same district : this gas is constantly accumulated in the upper part of the cavern Del Serrito de Monai, where it is generally set on fire to surprise travellers.

LADIES' CHARITY.

In the letters of Madame D. upon England, which have just been published, we find the following passage, which shows how little a woman used to the coteries of Paris can appreciate the purest of our christian charities.—

" The most elegant women in London have a certain day, upon which they go to a large room surrounded with counters, at the end of Argyle Street ; they go in person, to sell, for the profit of the poor, the trifles, which they amuse themselves in making during the course of the year. You may imagine that a young gentleman who pays his court to a young lady, is not permitted to hesitate at the price of the work of her

fair hands. In fact, I saw several who were really foolishly extravagant, and the bank-notes were showered down on the counters of these ladies.

" I observed in this assembly the prettiest young woman I ever saw in my life ; all the men loitered before her counter, and it was she whose stock was the soonest disposed of.

The last man who stopped at it took a handful of bank-notes, and exchanged them for a watch-ribbon. I departed, enchanted with this scene."

CHIMNEYS.

In the age next preceding Queen Elizabeth, there were few chimneys, even in capital towns : the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled, and plastered over with clay ; and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow.

ROUSSEAU.

The beautiful estate of Ermenonville is advertised for sale, and its delightful gardens will probably soon be destroyed by some mercenary speculator. Perhaps, on the return of spring, the isle of poplars will have disappeared, together with the tomb which encloses the ashes of Jean-Jaques :—The plough will trace its furrows in the groves of Julia, and we shall look in vain for the cottage whither Rousseau retired to close his life and his misfortunes. The cause of his death still remains unknown, but almost all the papers of the time concur in stating that it was voluntary.—(French Paper.)

COCHRANE'S FOLLY.

Lord Cochrane's famous steam vessel, which, we believe, was left behind his expedition rather from want of means to complete it, than from insufficiency in its construction, is now nearly finished, and about to be employed as a packet between London and Edinburgh. " To such base uses may we come at last"—instead of releasing Buonaparte, to carry sea-sick passengers and lumbering luggage !

AGE OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

In the last number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, we find the following statement in regard to the age of the human species.

Discovery of Human Skulls in the same formation as that which contains remains of Elephants, Rhinoceri, &c. Some years ago Admiral Cochrane presented to the British Museum a human skeleton, incased in a very compact alluvial aggregation of coral and other similar matters. This curious specimen was at first considered as a true secondary limestone, and therefore as affording evidence that the human species had been called into existence during the formation of the secondary strata. Geologists pointed out the inaccuracy of this opinion, and proved that the enclosing mass was not a portion of the older strata of the crust of earth, but merely a portion of one of those calcareous formations daily taking place on the shores of the West India Islands. It is well known to geologists, that several extensive tracts in Germany are covered with a deep deposite of calcareous tuffa, which contains fossil remains of the mastodonton, megatherium, Irish elk, (*Aleia gigantea*, Blum.), and elephant (*Elephas primigeni*), and other colossal animals, which are now considered as extinct. In this very ancient alluvial formation, human skulls have been discovered ; and if the statements given in regard to this interesting discovery, at Meissen in Saxony, be correct, we have obtained a proof of the co-existence of the human race, with the gigantic megatheria, elks, and elephants.

ANECDOTES. &c.

Elopement.—A dandy who recently contrived to undergo the fatigue of an excursion to Scotland with an heiress, in the hurry of such affairs took his bride before the Priest in a riding coat. Before proceeding with his brief ceremony, the minister looked attentively at the parties, and said—"But to prevent any mistakes hereafter, tell me without prevarication, if ye are both women in disguise ; or if not which is the man ?"

Calumny.—An oriental Caliph had condemned to death a calumniator, to

save whose life a courtier warmly interested himself, and presented a petition to his sovereign accompanied by a compliment of 2000 dinars. But the Caliph rejected his prayer, saying, "Go, and find me a man as culpable as this wretch, who defames innocence, and he shall not only die in his stead, but I will give you 10,000 dinars."

Confession.—A female confessing her sins, among other things, acknowledged that she wore rouge. "For what purpose ?" asked the Father. "To make me appear captivating," was the answer. "But does it make you look more beautiful?" "At least, holy confessor, I think it does !" The priest took the penitent out of the confessional into the light, and gazing steadfastly at her, exclaimed, "Madam, you may paint without offence, for you are still very ugly."

A superannuated wit, who still occasionally said a good thing, was very happily compared to an old castle now and then revisited by Spirits.

IRON RAIL-ROADS.

We have received a report from Munich, which, if it be not exaggerated, well deserves the attention of our countrymen. A model, on a large scale, of an iron rail-road, invented and completed by the chief counsellor of the mines, Joseph Von Baader, has been received at the Royal Repository for Mechanical Inventions, which is said to surpass in utility whatever has been seen in England ; some say by a proportion of two-thirds, although it costs less by half. On a space perfectly level, laid with this invention, a woman or a child may draw with ease a cart laden with fifteen or sixteen cwt. And if no greater inclination than six inches and a half on a hundred feet in length be allowed, the carts will move of themselves, without any external impulse. A single horse may be the means of conveying a greater weight than twenty-two horses of the same strength on the best of common roads.

RIDICULOUS ANGER.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than an insignificant man in a fit of anger : He is a mole-hill vomiting fire.

TALES OF TO-DAY.

From the European Magazine.

THE GALLERY OF GRONDO.

THIS divan opened his portfolio with the gravity of a prime-minister, and the next engraving drawn from it represented the celebrated Gallery of Grondo, hewn by almost miraculous labour through solid rocks. According to the established rules of our lottery, the old kirk-minister was required to tell a tale adapted to this scene, or in some way relating to it; and after a little pause, he gave us the first fruit of his memory.

During the short truce of 1801, an English commoner of noble but decayed estate removed his family to Languedoc. Liberal principles, neutral conduct, and, above all, his purchase of a good estate with an avowed intention to domesticate himself as a French citizen, gained him the privilege of tranquillity. Ten years peaceably spent gave him also a kind of familiarity with the municipal officers of the town, which enabled him to afford both aid and personal courtesy to the numerous English prisoners whose ill-fortune brought them there. He had a sprightly wife, of manners decidedly French, and a niece too lovely in his opinion to walk unprotected on the banks of the Garonne, then nightly infested by troops of freebooters, composed partly of disbanded royalists and desperate republicans. Gabrielle chose to pursue her evening walks with the careless courage of fifteen; and her aunt conceiving terror a more powerful impulse than reason, contrived what she thought sufficient to alarm her niece's imagination effectually. She placed a pair of huge sabots or peasant's shoes under the fringe of her bed, with such accompaniments as at a sudden glance by a dim light might seem the figure of a man. Then, without communicating her stratagem to her more discreet husband, she seated herself in her dressing-room to await its consequences.

All remained silent till an hour after,

when Gabrielle, entering her aunt's room with a composed countenance, enquired for her femme-de-chambre. The woman was summoned, and the child, with singular presence of mind and calmness, desired her to bring all her fellow-servants into the gallery. Madame Vermont, aware of her own finesse, permitted the assemblage without question; and when the whole household had collected in the corridor, the young heroine informed them that she had discovered an intruder, and had locked him in her chamber. She offered the key to the English valet, who, after a little demur, referred the honour of the first entry to the cook, and he to the groom. After much debate, a formidable procession, headed by Gabrielle herself, entered the chamber, and the groom, armed with a long sword and a broom, drew forth the terrible effigy. Peals of laughter and many hints of cowardice followed among the servants, but the keen and bold eye of their young mistress observed one face less natural in its expression of mirth than the rest. She had firmness and discretion enough to join in the general raillery, and to keep her observations secret till she found an opportunity of revealing them to her uncle. He understood and valued them. Several nights after this adventure, he watched in silence and darkness, but saw nothing of the man he suspected. More than a month had passed, and the jests excited among the household seemed to increase in bitterness; but the superiors of the family affected no regard, till they were disturbed one night by shrieks and murmurs. M. Vermont's questions were answered by a singular story. The fille-de-chambre of Madame, piqued by jests on her lover's cowardice, had been urged to try his affection and strength of mind by another stratagem. On his return from a trifling journey, Durand was told that his beloved had suddenly expired, and was already prepared for

* By the Author of *Legends of Lampidosa*.

interment. He was a Swiss of simple manners and strong affections. First he rebuked his fellow-servants for their falsehood, and next insisted on seeing the pretended corpse. She had allowed herself to be equipped and extended in a winding-sheet on her bed, to which the contrivers of the farce led Durand with a single candle and faces properly composed. They were prepared for a shout of mirth at his agony of grief, when the servant who carried the light perceived the body was really stiff in death. Screams of terror and surprise followed this discovery, and revealed the abettors of this criminal mockery. Nannette was dead, and her master, after viewing the body, dismissed the spectators with a severe reproach, for inciting her to practise the presumptuous fraud, which had probably, by overstraining her weak nerves, produced the death she counterfeited. So he assured his household, but he perceived evidences of a different cause. His suspicions rested on Durand himself, and he fixed them by remarking the changes in his countenance when asked to watch beside the body. However, Durand accepted the task; and when every other person in the house had gone to rest, our Englishman, belting on his sabre and holding a loaded pistol in his hand, entered the chamber where the body lay. The Swiss sat beside it with his head resting on his knees, and hardly raised himself when his master stood before him. "Durand!" said he, "I am not now to learn that you have had some secret reason for destroying this young woman—I know your journey was a pretence—you were concealed in or about my chateau all day, and I expect nothing from you but a confession of your motives."—The young man raised his eyes, and, starting up, laid both his hands on the forehead of the dead woman. "I declare," he answered, "before him whom I will not name, that I love this creature better than my life: but I could not save her's without betraying _____" He stopped short, and Vermont deliberately laid his brace of loaded pistols on the table. "You see, Durand, I treat you as a brave man, for I put

myself into your hands; and I do not seek to intimidate you by these weapons, which I disdain to use against an unarmed adversary. You have eaten my bread and slept under my roof—I have no other defence against you and your accomplices."—The Swiss fell at his master's feet, and wept. Presently taking up the pistols, he placed them both again in Vermont's hands, adding, "Nothing but an oath could hold me silent after this. Sir, if I dare not break an oath, I deserve your trust. It is true, men assemble at your house unknown to you—I am one of the band, and our names are made safe by a bond sealed with our blood. They are robbers, but no article of your property or secret of your family ever fell into their keeping. Nannette discovered their meeting in your barn last night, and my oath bound me to sacrifice her life—There was no other way to save your's and your family's!"—Saying this, he fell again at his master's knees, and wept bitterly. Vermont was struck with the extent of his danger, and the terrible nature even of the faith that seemed to preserve him. But his English habits of reserve prevented the gush of feeling which would have opened his heart, and he only answered, "I trust you, Durand!—remember it." And without another question or remark, he returned to his apartment and his wife with a cool countenance, and made no allusion to his discovery.

Durand remained another year in M. Vermont's household, and his master had sufficient courage and magnanimity to forbear either nightly watching or appearance of restraint in his daily intercourse with his servant. At the termination of this year Durand gave a public and ordinary notice of removal, which was accepted without comment, and he departed unobserved.

Fifteen months passed after this event and the family of M. Vermont removed to Orleans, where the fury of faction became deep and dangerous during the crisis of 1815. Vermont, now a domiciliated subject of France, and interested in her internal politics, was arrested by order of the power that prevailed during the Hundred Days, and lodged

in the Conciergerie. The charge against him amounted to a secret correspondence with England, and a treasonous admission of an English spy into his house. On the day of his arrest, Marshal N. received a billet from one of his agents, a man who had stood by the Emperor's carriage at that memorable and unparalleled moment when he received news of his deposition, and alighted to hold council on the roadside in darkness with the few friends that then adhered to him.

"Marshal!

"I need not remind you of what passed on the road to Fontainbleau: I have only one favour to ask in return. Your wife has some secret apartments and a cabriole to spare—They will accommodate two persons who will be with you on the morning of the 20th."

On the 20th, a cabriole was seen passing through the road to Fontainbleau, towards the maisonette inhabited by a relative of the Marshal. The lady who presided there was one of the numerous regiment of female allies to whom M. Fouche honestly ascribed the most successful intrigues of his police. Madame de Sevrac had distinguished herself by undertaking to procure from a German author the manuscript of a very powerful appeal obnoxious to French politics. She had been furnished with unlimited drafts, and with the title of a baroness, to seduce the literary man; but his genius, his courage, and, above all, his affection, so touched the intriguante, that she brought off the manuscript without surrendering the author. Therefore she was held in high esteem by her employers, for they knew she had that degree of honour which is necessary even among the wicked. She was, as this anecdote implies, a woman capable of right feeling herself, and of assuming the demeanour which ought to accompany it. Her admirable taste was exercised in preparing apartments for the mysterious visitors who came to her accredited by such high authority. Late at night they arrived; and she had the pleasure of seeing a young man whose countenance promised employment for her talents, accompanied only by a

sister, whose manners were very well calculated to be a foil to her's. The lady's name was Gabrielle, and her age appeared more than thirty; but her eyes were wild and her gestures abrupt. She answered no questions, and never spoke except to her brother, who seemed much younger, and of gentle temper. The accomplished mistress of the mansion had received instructions to accommodate them in the most retired manner three days, and to expedite their departure on the fourth, without enquiring whither they went, or by whom their cabriole was driven. This was enough for an agent of espionage, but not enough for a woman who retained her taste for adventure. Gaston, as the young man's sister called him, was probably but little experienced in female blandishments, and the adroit coquette addressed herself with great skill to his vanity and his better feelings. It was surprising, considering her experience, that she did not observe how readily young Gaston listened to her flatteries, and availed himself of her indirect intimations of compassion. When she saw, or thought she saw, her victim struggling with his fear and his desire to reveal the secret which seemed so precious, she affected to praise the sublime instinct of generous hearts, and assumed that air of self-denial which commands so much more confidence than curiosity. "Alas, madam!" said Gaston, as they sat together at supper on the night appointed for his journey, "this unfortunate person, whom I call sister, is in fact my betrothed wife. She is insane. Judge of my anxiety and my interest in her escape when you hear the cause. I was her father's ward, and her daily companion, but circumstances prevented our public union. She suddenly received my visits with airs of aversion and chagrin, which her parents mistook for girlish coquetry, but I knew and regretted the secret motive. She believed her infant dead, but I had preserved it from the death she designed for it, and had the happiness of seeing it flourish under the care of a wood-cutter's wife in the forest of Vincennes. One evening, when its third birth-day had arrived, I tempted

her to walk there with me under pretence of eating fruit at the forest-hut, and while the woodman's wife was sent away to gather some, I observed her eyes fixing on the sleeping child. She praised its beauty, took it on her lap, and I thought the instinct of a mother had prevailed. I ventured to say, "This is our son!"—but instantly bursting into a frightful laugh, she grasped it tightly for an instant, and hurled it from her. I remember nothing more—nothing except looking round for some weapon to revenge its death. When I returned to my senses, the woodcutter's wife was standing at my feet weeping over her dead foster-child—its miserable mother had fled into the forest. She was found in the stupor of that fatal madness which arises from shame, pride, and despair. The secret could not be preserved, and I am conveying her thus privately beyond the reach of a public executioner."

Madame de Sevrac was extremely touched by this narrative. She loved the excitement of tragic stories, and especially such as evinced those violent passions which had been her instruments through life.—Gabrielle's crime gave her that strong hold on Madame de Sevrac's compassion which naturally results from sympathy and similar debasement; and the generous part of her woman's nature revived in her behalf. The coldness, the melancholy and the impenetrable reserve of this unfortunate woman had dignity in them, and Gaston's tender solicitude for her safety gave him the most powerful charm in the eyes of his entertainer. Nothing so strongly touches and amends the feelings of an erring woman as commiseration shewn to a sister-sinner. Madame de Sevrac suddenly besought Gaston's protection, and offered to quit with him both her native country and the vile profession which her splendid establishment concealed. Gaston appeared more touched and agitated by her protestations of remorse and reformation than by her former blandishments. They had few moments to debate in, and the conference ended in admitting her into their cabriolet in the disguise of a fille-de-chambre. Madame

de Sevrac perceived, even by the dim moonlight which guided it, how deep and strange a sullenness had overcast Gabrielle's face. She attributed it to jealous aversion; and when from time to time the supposed lunatic stole a malicious glance at her, she could not avoid suspecting that her insanity was not real. Their journey was rapid and safe till they reached the frontiers of —————, where some powerful agents of the French government presided. The evil genius of Madame de Sevrac returned, and habits of intrigue prevailed over the momentary instinct of good. She stole at midnight from the inn where they rested, and made herself known to the lieutenant of police in the town, professing that she travelled under secret orders from M. Fouche to resign one of her companions to the custody of the ————— government. She did not dare to tell the story of the infant's murder, because she began to doubt whether such an incident had really occurred; and she had not sagacity enough to perceive that Gaston represented Gabrielle as a criminal and a lunatic only to excuse the wild and stern singularity of her aspect, and to misguide suspicion. She knew the fact involved no particular claim on this officer's aid; but she stated certain mysterious truths which induced him to agree that a party of his agents should surround the carriage in the Gallery of Grondo, and secure the female refugee. Thus assured of her rival's removal, this dangerous woman returned to her companions, and when they renewed their journey, proposed to disguise herself in male attire, and drive their cabriolet herself. Gaston expressed some slight reluctance, which she overcame by alleging the danger of crossing that mountainous road with a bribed hireling, and by remarking the suspicious comments excited at the last post town by their imperfect passports. The cabriolet set forth, driven by Madame de Sevrac in a postillion's attire; and as it plunged into the stupendous defile called the Gallery of Grondo, she fixed her eyes on a white cross near which her agents were stationed, and drove rapidly towards it. The

sides of this terrible gallery are formed of perpendicular rock, and the road itself winds through it, divided on each side by a deep and dark gulf from the mass of granite whence it has been hewn. The cabriolet was within a hundred yards of the cross, when Gaston suddenly sprang from it, seized the driver's arm, and held a pistol to her forehead. Conscious of her own treachery, and affrighted by what seemed the supernatural strength of insanity, Madame de Sevrac dropped the reins, and was dragged from her seat by her assailant. With a vigour and speed not resistable by a woman, Gaston bound their perfidious companion to a tree, stripped her of her horseman's coat, and putting it on, assumed the driver's place in the cabriolet. A long whistle and repeated shouts were heard as the cabrio-

let flew past the cross, and a moment after a ball entered Gaston's side. Still the carriage was driven rapidly till it reached the post-house at the end of the Gallery. There Madame Vermont, released by the connivance of Marshal N. awaited her husband's arrival. She knew that he had escaped from France in female attire under the name of Gaston, and she well knew the faithful friend who had assumed that new name to escort him. She opened the door herself, and found him lying at the bottom of the cabriolet in a deep swoon. Covered with blood, the pretended Gaston assisted in placing him in his wife's arms, exclaiming, "Ah, master! Durand has deserved his death, but he has also deserved your trust." And falling at his feet as he spoke, the faithful Swiss expired.

V.

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE TYROLESE.*

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

IT must be admitted, at the same time, that the Tyrolese are in the greatest degree superstitious, and that their devotion, warm and enthusiastic as it is, is frequently misplaced in the object of its worship. There is probably no country in which the belief in supernatural powers, in the gift of prophecy to particular individuals, and the agency of spiritual beings in human affairs, is more universally established. It forms, indeed, part of their religious creed, and blends in the most singular manner with the legendary tales and romantic adventures which they have attached to the history of their saints. But we would err most egregiously, if we imagined, that this superstition with which the whole people are tinged, savours at all of a weak or timid disposition, or that it is any indication of a degraded national character. It partakes of the savage character of the scenery in which they dwell, and is ennobled by the generous sentiments which prevail among the lowest classes of the people. The same men who imagine that they see the crucifix bend its head in the dusk of the evening, and who hear the rattle

of arms amid the solitude of the mountains, are fearless of death when it approaches them through the agency of human power. It is a strong feeling of religion, and a disposition to see, in all the events by which they are surrounded, the marks of divine protection, which is the foundation of their superstition: and the more strongly that they feel reliance on spiritual interposition, the less inclined are they to sink under the reverses of a temporary life.

There is a wide distinction between *superstition* and the belief in sorcery or witchcraft. The latter is the growth of weakness and credulity, and prevails most among men of a timid disposition, or among ignorant and barbarous nations. The former, though it is founded on ignorance, and yields to the experience and knowledge of mankind, yet springs from the noblest principles of our nature, and is allied to every thing by which the history of our species has been dignified in former times. It will not be pretended, that the Grecian states were deficient either in splen-

* Concluded from p. 255. See also *Ath.* vol. 5, p. 249, 314.

dour of talents or heroism of conduct ; yet superstition, in its grossest form, attached itself to all their thoughts, and influenced alike the measures of their statesmen and the dreams of their philosophers. The Roman writers placed in that very feeling which we would call superstition, the most honourable characteristic of their people, and ascribed to it the memorable series of triumphs by which the history of the republic was distinguished. *Nulla inquam republiæ aut major aut sanctior fuit*, says *Livy* ; and it is to their deep sense of religion that *Cicero* imputes the unparalleled success with which the arms of the republic were attended. Yet the religious feeling which was so intimately blended with the Roman character, and which guided the actions and formed the minds of the great men who adorned her history, was for the most part little else than that firm reliance on the *special* interposition of providence, which is the origin of superstition. The Saracens, during the wars which followed the introduction of the Mahometan faith, were superstitious to the highest degree, yet with how many brilliant and glorious qualities was their character distinguished, when they triumphantly carried the Crescent of Mahomet from the snows of the Himmaleh to the shores of the Atlantic. The crusaders even of the highest rank, believed firmly in the miracles and prophecies which were said to have accompanied the march of the Christian army ; nor is it perhaps possible to find in history an example of such extraordinary consequences as followed the supposed discovery of the Holy Lance in the siege of Antioch ; yet who will deny to these great men the praise of heroic enterprise and noble manners ? Human nature has nowhere appeared in such glorious colours as in the *Jerusalem Delivered* of *Tasso*, where the firmness and constancy of the Roman patriot is blended with the courtesy of chivalrous manners, and the exalted piety of Christian faith ; yet superstition formed a part of the character of all his heroes ; the courage of *Tancred* failed when he heard the voice of *Clorinda* in the charmed tree ; and the bravest of his comrades trem-

bled when they entered the enchanted forest, where

“ Esce all hor de la selva un suon repente,
Che par rimbombo di terren che treme,
E'l mormorar degli Austri in lui si sente,
E'l pianto d'onda, che fra scigli geme.”

Examples of this kind may teach us, that although superstition in the age, and among the society in which we live is the mark of a feeble mind, yet that in less enlightened parts of the world, it is the mark only of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, such as is the foundation of every thing that is great or generous in character, or elevated and spiritual in feeling. A people in fact strongly impressed with religious feeling, and to whom experience has not taught the means by which providence acts in human affairs, *must be superstitious* ; for it is the universal propensity of uninstructed man, to imagine that a special interposition of the Deity is necessary to accomplish the manifestation of his will, or the accomplishment of his purposes in human affairs. Nor is there any thing impossible or absurd in such a supposition. It *might* have been, that future events were to be revealed on particular occasions to mankind, as they were during the days of ancient prophecy, and that the course of human events was to be maintained by special interpositions of divine power. Experience alone teaches us, that this is *not* the case ; it alone shews, that the intentions of providence are carried into effect through the intervention of human agents, and that the laws of the moral world work out their own accomplishment by the voluntary acts of free agents. When we see how difficult it is to make persons even of a cultivated understanding comprehend this subject even in the present age, and with all the experience which former times have furnished, we may cease to wonder at the superstition which prevails among the peasants of the Tyrol ; we may believe, that situated as they are, it is the natural effusion of a pious spirit untaught by the experience of other ages ; and we may discern, in the extravagancies of their legendary creed, not less than in the sublime piety of *Newton*,

the operation of those common laws by which man is bound to his Creator.

The scenery of Tyrol, and of the adjacent provinces of Styria and Carinthia, is singularly adapted to nourish romantic and superstitious ideas among the peasantry. In every part of the world the grandeur of mountain scenery has been found to be the prolific parent of superstition. It was the mists, and the blue lakes, and the sounding cataracts of Caledonia, which gave birth to the sublime but gloomy dreams of Ossian. The same cause has operated to a still greater degree among the Alps of Tyrol. The sublimity of the objects with which man is there surrounded—the resistless power of the elements which he finds continually in action—the utter insignificance of his own species, when compared with the gigantic objects in which he is placed, conspire to produce that distrust of himself, and that disposition to cling to higher powers, which is the foundation of superstitious feeling. In cities and in plains, the labour of man effaces in a certain degree these impressions; the works which he has there accumulated, come to withdraw the attention from the distant magnificence of nature; while the weakness of the individual is forgotten in the aggregate force of numbers, or in the distractions of civilized life. But amidst the solitude of the Alps no such change can take place. The greatest works of man appear there as nothing amidst the stupendous objects of nature; the distractions of artificial society are unknown amongst its simple inhabitants; and the individual is left in solitude to receive the impressions which the sublime scenery in which he is placed is fitted to produce. Upon minds so circumstanced the changes of external nature come to be considered as the immediate work of some invisible power; the shadows that fall in the lakes at sunrise, are interpreted as the indication of the approach of hostile bands—the howl of the winds through the forests is thought to be the lamentations of the dead, who are expiating their sins—and the mists that flit over the summits of the mountains, seem to be the distant

skirts of vast armies borne in the whirlwind, and treading in the storm.

The Gothic ruins with which the Tyrol is filled, contribute in a remarkable manner to keep alive these superstitious feelings. In many of the vallies old castles of vast dimensions are perched on the summit of lofty crags, or raise their mouldering towers high on the mountains above the aged forests with which they are surrounded. These castles, once the abode of feudal power, have long since been abandoned, or have gradually gone to decay, without being actually dismantled by the proprietors. With all of them the people connect some romantic or terrible exploit; and the bloody deeds of feudal anarchy are remembered with terror by the peasants who dwell in the villages at their feet. Lights are often observed at night in towers which have been uninhabited for centuries; and bloody figures have been distinctly seen to flit through their deserted halls. The armour which still hangs on the walls in many of the greater castles, has been observed to move, and the plumes to wave, when the Tyrolese army were victorious in war. Groans are still heard in the neighbourhood of the dungeons where the victims of feudal tyranny were formerly slain: and the cruel Baron, who persecuted his people in his savage passion for the chase, is often heard to shriek in the forests of the Unterberg, and to howl as he flies from the dogs, whom he had trained to the scent of human blood.

Superstitions too, of a gentler and more holy kind, have arisen from the devout feelings of the people, and the associations connected with particular spots where persons of extraordinary sanctity have dwelt. In many of the farthest recesses of the mountains, on the verge of perpetual desolation, hermits in former times fixed their abode; and the imagination of the peasants still fancies that their spirits hover around the spot where their earthly trials were endured. Shepherds who have passed in the gloom of the evening by the cell where the bones of a saint are laid, relate that they distinctly heard his voice

as he repeated his evening prayers, and saw his form as he knelt before the crucifix which the piety of succeeding ages had erected in his hermitage. The image of many a patron saint has been seen to shed tears, when a reverse has happened to the Tyrolese arms; and the garlands which are hung round the crosses of the Virgin wither when the hand which raised them has fallen in battle. Peasants who have been driven by a storm to take shelter in the little chapels which are scattered over the country, have seen the crucifix bow its head; and solemn music is heard at the hour of vespers, in the higher chapels of the mountains. The distant pealing of the organ, and the chant of innumerable voices is there distinctly perceptible; and the peasant, when returning at night from the chase, often trembles when he beholds funereal processions, clothed in white, marching in silence through the gloom of the forests, or slowly moving on the clouds that float over the summit of the mountains.

A country so circumstanced, abounding with every thing that is grand and beautiful in natural scenery, filled with gothic castles, over which ruin has long ago thrown her softening hand, peopled by the phantoms of an extravagant yet sublime superstition, and still inhabited by a valiant and enthusiastic people, seems of all others to be the fit theatre of *poetical* fancy. It is truly extraordinary therefore, that no poet has appeared to glean the legends and ballads that are scattered through this interesting country, to perpetuate the aerial beings with which superstition has filled its wilds, and to dignify its mouldering castles with the recital of the many heroic and romantic adventures which have occurred within their walls. When we recollect the unparalleled interest which the genius of the present day has given to the traditions and the character of the Scottish people, it is impossible not to regret, that no kindred mind has immortalized the still more wild and touching incidents that have occurred amidst the heroic inhabitants and sublime scenery of the Tyrol Alps. Let us hope, that the military despotism of

Austria will not long continue to smother the genius, by restraining the freedom of those higher classes of her people where poetical talents are to be found; and that, before the present traditions are forgotten, or the enthusiasm which the war has excited is subsided, there may yet arise the *Scott* of the south of Europe.

The great circumstance which distinguishes the Tyrolese from their neighbours the Swiss, to whom in many respects they bear a close resemblance, is in the animation and *cheerfulness* of their character. The Swiss are by nature a grave and heavy people; nor is this peculiar character the result of their republican institutions, for we are told by Planta, that their stupidity had become proverbial in France before the time of their republic. The Tyrolese, on the other hand, are a cheerful and lively people, full of fire and animation, enthusiastically devoted to their favourite pursuits, and extremely warm in their resentments. Public games are frequent in every valley; and the keen penetrating look of the peasants shews with what alacrity they enter into any subject in which they are interested. This striking difference in the national character of the two people appears in their different modes of conducting war. Firm in the maintenance of their purpose, and undaunted in the discharge of military duty, the Swiss are valuable chiefly for their *stubborn* qualities—for that obstinate courage on which a commander can rely with perfect certainty for the maintenance of any position which may be assigned for their defence. It was their stubborn resistance, accordingly, which first laid the foundation of the independence of their republic, and which taught the Imperialists and Burgundians at Laupen and Morat, that the pride of feudal power, and the ardour of chivalrous enterprize, may seek in vain to crush “the might that slumbers in a peasant’s arm.” In later times the same disposition has been evinced in the conduct of the Swiss Guards, in the Place Carouzel, all of whom were massacred at their post, without the thought of capitulation or

retreat being once stirred amongst them. The Tyrolese, on the other hand, are more distinguished by their fiery and impetuous mode of fighting. In place of waiting, like the Swiss infantry, the charges of their enemies, they rush on unbidden to the attack, and often accomplish, by the hardihood of the enterprise, what more cautious troops could never succeed in effecting. In this respect they resemble more nearly the Highland clans, who, in the rebellion in 1745, rushed with the broad sword on the English regiments; or the peasants of La Vendee, who, without cannon or ammunition, assaulted the veteran armies of the republic, and by the fury of their onset, frequently destroyed armies with whom they would have been utterly unable to cope in a more regular system of warfare.

One reflection there is, which may be drawn from the determined valour of the Tyrolese, and their success against the disciplined armies of France, which it is of the utmost importance to impress steadily on our minds. It is this; that the changes in the art of war in modern times has produced *no alteration* on the ability of freedom to resist the aggressions of despotic powers; but that still, as in ancient times, the discipline and the numbers of arbitrary governments are alike unavailing against the stubborn valour of a free people. In every age, and in every part of the world, examples are to be found of the defeat of great and powerful armies by the cool and steady resistance which characterises the inhabitants of free states. This is matter of proverbial remark; but it is of the more importance to observe, that this general steadiness and valour, which seek for no support but in the courage of the individual, can be attained only by the diffusion of *civil liberty*, and that the value of such qualities is as strongly felt in modern wars as it was in any former period of the world. It is related by Homer, that at the siege of Troy, the Trojan troops, in whom the vicinity of Asia had introduced the customs of oriental warfare, and the feelings of oriental despotism, supported each other's courage by shouts and cries during the heat of the battles; while the

Grecians, in whom, as Mitford has observed, the monarchical form of government was even then tempered by a strong mixture of republican freedom, stood firm, in perfect silence, waiting the command of their chiefs. The passage is remarkable, as it shews how early, in the history of mankind, the great lines of distinction between the courage of freemen and slaves was drawn; nor can we perhaps anywhere find, in the subsequent annals of the world, a closer resemblance to what occurred in the struggle between English freedom and French despotism on the field of Waterloo. "The Grecian phalanx," says the poet,* "marched in close order, the leaders directing each his own band. The rest were mute; insomuch, that you would say, *in so great a multitude there was no voice*. Such was the silence with which they respectfully watched for the word of command from their officers. But the cries of the Trojan army resembled the bleating of sheep when they are driven into the fold, and hear the cries of their lambs. Nor did the voice of one people rise from their lines, but a confused mixture of many tongues."—The same distinction has been observed in all periods of the world, between the native unbending courage of freemen, and the artificial or transitory ardour of the troops of despotic states. It was thus that the three hundred Spartans stood the shock of a mighty army in the defile of Thermopylae; and it was from the influence of the same feeling, that with not less devoted valour, the fifteen hundred Swiss died in the cemetery of St. James in the battle of Basle. The same individual determination which enabled the citizens of Milan to overthrow the whole feudal power of Frederick Barbarossa on the plain of Legnano, animated the shepherds of the Alps, when they trampled under foot the pride of the imperial nobility on the field of Sempach, and annihilated the chivalry of Charles the Bold on the shores of Morat. It was among the free inhabitants of the Flemish provinces, that Count Tilly found the materials of those brave Walloon guards, who, as contemporary writers

* *Iliad*, ii. 427.

inform us, might be knocked down or trampled under foot, but could not be constrained to fly by the arms of Gustavus at the battle of Leipsic ; and the celebrity of the Spanish infantry declined from the time that the liberties of Arragon and Castile was extinguished by Charles V. "There is ample room," as a late eminent writer has well observed, "for national exultation at the names of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. So great was the disparity of numbers upon those famous days, that we cannot with the French historian, attribute the discomfiture of their hosts merely to mistaken tactics and too impetuous valour. They yielded rather to the iatrepid steadiness in danger, which had already become the characteristic of our English soldiers, and which, during four centuries, has ensured their superiority wherever ignorance or infatuation has not led them into the field. But these victories, and the qualities that secured them, must chiefly be ascribed to the freedom of our constitution and the superior condition of the people.—Not the nobility of England, not the feudal tenants, won the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, for these were fully matched in the ranks of France, but the yeomen who drew the bow with strong and steady arms, accustomed to its use in their native fields, and rendered fearless by personal competence and civil freedom."

Now, after all that we have heard of the art of war being formed into a regular system, of the soldier being reduced to a mere machine, and of the progress of armies being made the subject of

arithmetical calculation ; it is truly consoling to find the discomfiture of the greatest and most disciplined army which the world has ever seen, brought about by the same cause which, in former times, have so often given victory to the cause of freedom ; to find the victories of Naefels and Morgarten renewed in the triumph of the Tyrolese patriots, and the ancient superiority of the English yeomanry asserted, as in the days of Cressy and Agincourt, on the field of Waterloo. Nor is it, perhaps, the least remarkable fact of that memorable day, that while the French army, like the Trojans of old, animated their courage by incessant cries ; the English battalions, like the Greek phalanxes, waited *in silence* the charge of their enemies : proving thus, in the severest of all trials, that the art of war has made *no change* on the qualities essential in the soldier ; and that the determined courage of freemen is still able, as in the days of Marathon and Platæa, to overcome the utmost efforts of military power. It is interesting to find the same qualities distinguishing the armies of a free people in such distant periods of the world ; and it is the fit subject, not merely of national pride, but of universal thankfulness to discover, that there are qualities in the composition of a great army which it is beyond the power of despotism to command ; and that the utmost efforts of the military art, aided by the strong incitements to military distinction, cannot produce that steady and unbending valour which springs from the enjoyment of CIVIL LIBERTY.

LATE DISCOVERIES RESPECTING ANCIENT AMERICA.

From the New Monthly Magazine, December, 1819.

THOUGH much has been said in regard to the probable course of population of the great western continent, yet that question still seems hid in extraordinary obscurity. It is true, indeed, that our great circumnavigator Cook, by his accurate survey of Behring's Straits, has shown that the passage of people, even in their rudest state of civilization, was perfectly practicable

from the north-eastern point of Siberia to the American shore, as soon as population had extended thus far into Asia ; but unless that emigration had taken place at a very remote period indeed, there could not have been time, agreeable to the most received theories, for the various distinctions of national character that are found amongst the aborigines, as well as in manners and in lan-

guage. We may well be permitted then to look to other sources for that diversity; and the most probable idea that first presents itself is, that America has received her population at different periods, and from different countries.

I now address you on this subject because two very extraordinary facts have lately come out, which seem to throw considerable light upon it; but before I proceed to them I shall just observe that the north-eastern part of North America was evidently peopled from Greenland, and from northern Europe; nay, we have good reason to believe that even Newfoundland was known to the Norwegians long before the days of Columbus or Cabot. Even the story of the Cambrian adventurer, Madoc, does not seem so much a fable as it has by many been supposed to be. With respect to Mexico and Peru, it is not impossible that stragglers, from the far-extended Malayan nation, may have found their way across the ocean. Let us proceed, however, at once to the facts alluded to.

If resemblance in particular manners and customs can be considered as pointing out a probable co-origin of nations, it seems as if the chivalrous trial by duel, brought into the civilized regions of Europe by its Gothic over-runners, may also have been carried into the wilds of Louisiana by Scythian emigrants by the way of Behring's Straits; as a strong, rude, resemblance of it may be found in a custom known to exist in the tribe of the *Natchez*, amongst whom a personal assault always leads to a public challenge; after which the parties meet before the assembled tribe, the appellant or challenger armed, the respondent without any weapon of offence. Every thing being prepared for the ceremony, the parties hastily approach each other; the respondent bares his breast, the challenger fires and shoots him, then calmly reloading his musket, presents it to the son or nearest relative of his dying adversary, retreats some paces, points to his own heart, and receives the

mortal wound, as the point of honour requires that both should perish.

Now, sir, as no custom similar to this has been found amongst the Asiatic nations, nor amongst the newly-discovered inhabitants of the South Sea, it is at least worthy of investigation how far it may be traced to Scythian or Gothic origin.

The second point to which I allude is the fact, that in the Brazilian district upon the banks of the Rio Negro, the personal names of the inhabitants are evidently of Hebrew or Syriac origin, such as David, Jacob, Joal, and many others.

This leads us to contemplate an early period in the history of navigation, when the Phœnicians were actually in the habit of circumnavigating the African continent, and of returning to Europe by reversing their route. Now we can readily perceive that proper names, common in other parts of Syria, were in use amongst the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon, and in their Carthaginian colony.

In those early ages, before the invention of the compass, or its introduction into use in Europe overland from China, sea voyages were always performed close along shore; a mode of navigation for which, and I speak from experience, the eastern coast of Africa is well adapted, both in regard to winds and weather. But on the western side of that continent the winds are more variable, and might readily blow off coasting vessels into the open ocean, where they would fall into the limits of the S. E. trade wind, against which those ill-found vessels would strive in vain, especially as they could have no idea of the modern mode of circuitous navigation across the trades into the variables. The natural result then would be, that such vessels must be driven upon the Brazilian coast; perhaps having women on board, but if not, their crews intermarrying with the females of such tribes as they might find there, and perpetuating their proper names, even though the remainder of their language should be lost. L.

VAUCLUSE, AND THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Nov. 1819.

Mr. Editor,

AS many of your readers have probably seen the amusing descriptions of French manners from the pen of M. de Jouy, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette** soon after that very useful publication was established, perhaps they will not be displeased with his account of VAUCLUSE, the celebrated retreat of PETRARCH and LAURA, and which the most popular essayist of his country has rendered still more interesting by the addition of an authentic and affecting story.

There are certain associations of words and ideas, says the author, against which the heart and mind revolts; how, for example, is it possible, at one and the same time, to relate the cruel death of Mareschal Brune, and describe the amours of Laura? What language, however ingenious, could retrace the horrors of religious persecution and the beauties of Vaucluse? There is, in fact, no transition or analogy between points so opposite, and the soul shrinks from receiving such distinct impressions together. The reader will not, therefore, have to reproach me with exhibiting a contrast so odious: and in the sketch I am about to lay before him, I shall endeavour to banish the very recollection of those wretched scenes, of which this charming country has too recently been the theatre.

M. de Montevel did not accompany me to the fountain, as he promised; an indisposition of his lady, which conferred happiness on both, would not admit of his leaving her; but, thanks to his care, I was to call on a young friend, (near Lille, a village on the road between Avignon and Vaucluse,) whom the major had spoken very highly of, and requested to become my guide.

On approaching the insulated cottage, at which I was expected, the couplet of a well-known romance, very prettily sung, induced me to stop for a few moments: and as there was only a hedge-row of myrtle between me and the voice, I soon discovered it to be that of my

conductor. On announcing myself at the door he met me, and I was received with the utmost kindness by all his family. It would be extremely flattering to my character and feelings, were I permitted to publish the names of the amiable couple whose warm hospitalities I experienced on this occasion: but there are some countries in which people must take their time to be publicly known as honest and independent members of society, while the well-meant attempt to point out their virtues for imitation is not unfrequently calculated to excite the vengeance of their enemies. I shall therefore say nothing of my excellent host and agreeable hostess, but very discreetly commence my route with young Adrien, towards Vaucluse, where I ought to have long since done homage.

On leaving the handsome village, whose walls are washed by the Sorgue, we followed a path, which becomes narrower as you advance, between the right bank of the river and a rock that seems to have been cut through for the purpose. The long alleys of poplars, and extensive meadows on one side, the movement and distant noise of several paper-mills on the other, give an air of great industry to the scene, while some whitewashed huts, to which the rock serves as a roof, tend to remind one of man's first steps towards civilization—when, during his savage incredulity, he was yet afraid to renounce the cave, or impenetrable defile, and trust himself on the plains.

Continuing the path a little farther, we discover the red arches of a small wooden bridge, that leads to the hamlet of Vaucluse. The first thing that struck me was the contrast of elegance and misery which I observed between the crowd of youthful mendicants in rags, hovels falling to decay, and a few well built houses, exhibiting fine fronts, ornamented with banks of flowers raised one above the other, like hanging gardens in miniature.

* See Ath. vol. ii. page 218 and 456.

We next entered the inn, pompously called the *Hotel Petrarch and Laura*. A group of mulberry-trees, that afford shade to the visitors, a small pond to receive and preserve fish from the river, a dining-room, open to all the winds of heaven, and the walls of which the landlord takes good care never to whitewash, lest the names, dates, and doggrel of his numerous visitors should be effaced, are the only objects which distinguish this *hotel* from other village ale-houses.

In a spot immortalized by the verses of Petrarch, Delille, and Madame Verdieré, of Nîmes, I certainly expected to see some lines of this extensive album, if not worthy of the subject, inspired at least, by tender and poetical recollections : but, to the shame of all those lovers and troubadours who have so-journed at the *Hotel of Petrarch and Laura*, not one has left any sign either of love or poetry !

After a hurried dinner, principally consisting of some excellent trout drawn from the reservoir, we proceeded to the basin of the fountain, situated about a quarter of a mile from the inn. The two chains of rocks which inclose the stream in this place, conceals the basin from your view, until you reach a small plantation of olive-trees, by a tortuous road cut into the rocky stratum : these trees, from being planted on terraced walls rudely formed, give the spot, as you approach it, somewhat the appearance of a ruined amphitheatre. Advancing farther, a few insulated shrubs and stunted herbs, obtrude themselves amongst the confused and black masses, which soon appear, as it were, suspended on the fragile beds and fragments, which seem at every moment ready to give way and precipitate them into the stream below. A hill on the opposite side rises to a considerable height, and has the form of a sugar loaf, while the river smoothly glides at the base of this natural pyramid.

As yet, nothing had given me an adequate idea of the magical fountain, which had presented itself in such brilliant colours to my imagination, while reading the sonnets of Petrarch, and

descriptions of travellers : for the thousandth time in my life I began to think I had been the dupe of poets and tourists, and looked around me with an air of comparative disdain :—but suddenly the waters roar, the glittering mist appears, and, in a moment after, the torrent rushes forth, curling up its white head and forming a hundred cascades over the rocky bed, whose jet black hue gives additional splendour to the rainbow-colours exhibited in the sparkling foam. How sublime and beautiful ! I exclaimed, clapping my hands as if I had witnessed a sudden change of scenery in a theatrical representation. I told you so, said my young guide, who seemed to participate in my admiration, and we continued to advance, not without a secret terror on my part, occasioned by the impressive aspect of this truly wonderful scene.

Behold us at length arrived at the base of a perpendicular rock, of a prodigious height, where an immense natural arch is formed over the fountain : the cascades were no longer heard, except in lengthened echos, which had not forgotten to pronounce half the name of Laura, as observed by Dupaty, in his letters on Italy.

After having conducted me to the source of the fountain, a vast abyss, the bottom of which no plummet has ever reached, Adrien prevailed on me to descend by a rude stair-case into the grotto, said to have been the mute witness of Petrarch and Laura's endearments. But I will not, after a lapse of five centuries, attempt to tarnish the virtue of that interesting woman, nor declare quite so positively as Madame Deshoulières, what passed in this mysterious asylum, between the most beautiful of her sex, and amorous of poets. I do not, however, deny, that had I been the Lord of Saumane,* I should have been much less credulous than posterity, and moreover, have felt rather hurt at the frequent meetings which took place in the grotto of Vaucluse. Be this as it may, all that happened was, no doubt, for the best. The lady's reputation has not suffered from it,

* Hugues de Sade, the husband of Laura.

while that of her impassioned admirer has increased : and to crown the whole, her confident spouse never complained ; all three having lived in the greatest harmony together, it is not for the present generation to sow the seeds of discord between their peaceful shades.

I was not the dupe of some scribbling scratched on different parts of the grot, in allusion to the celebrated lovers, as the awkward and incorrect mode of expression soon convinced me they were traced by a much more modern hand than that of Petrarch.

Adrien assured me that the fountain which was now little more than even with the entrance,* often rose to the height of a tall fig-tree near the brink, and which nature seems to have planted there as a standard, in a large chasm of the precipice. Nothing, added my guide, can exceed the sublimity of the scene, when this occurs : the cavern then disappears ; an immense body of water rises in a mass, and, forming an arch seems to roll over the spectator's head, who trembles lest he should be drawn into the humid labyrinth.

While in the presence of such grand objects as those which are seen in this fascinating spot, how truly contemptible did not the paltry column raised opposite the entrance, by the Athenæum of Vaucluse, appear in my estimation !—A visitor of taste and judgment has, however, done justice to this puerile effort, by tracing a couplet on one side of the pedestal, in which he calls upon the tutelary nymph to come forth and overturn a monument at which Laura must blush for her lover, and the Naiad for her fountain.

It is a tradition of the country, that the castle which commands the vale was built by Petrarch ; but Adrien does not think so ; and I am quite of his opinion from the reasons which he gave me. If the poet of Vaucluse, said my amiable guide, had to build a villa, would not he have erected it in the midst of

those beautiful meadows which he so often celebrated in his verses, and whose odoriferous flowers fell like showers of gold on the bosom of his lovely mistress !—on the banks of that stream which caressed her feet so tenderly !—under those shades where the birds came to hear her voice !—in the midst of those artless villagers, who, while passing under her windows, would say, *her heart has expanded to love, can it be shut to acts of pity and benevolence ?* †

The fact is, that this residence belonged to a cardinal bishop of Cavaillon, and friend of Petrarch (this was his best title). As to the turrets and battlements, they merely attest that the place must have been constructed when houses were a citadel, every estate a kingdom, and each proprietor a tyrant : but Petrarch was not of this age ; his modest hermitage, it is thus he calls it himself, was situated on the declivity of a hill, close to the village. Of this there is not a vestige remaining at present.

We went all over the ruined castle, to which I ascended with great difficulty ; and while surveying its recesses, dungeons, and loop-holes, it was natural enough for me to glance at those days of feudal barbarism, when the proud prelate lorded it over the charming valley, and exulted in the slavery of his vassals—days for which none but the weakest and worst of men in our own times could be the apologists.

These painful recollections were dissipated by Adrien's conducting me to the platform of the castle, from whence I saw a vast horizon, terminated by a range of bluish hills. I counted the scattered granaries, and numerous villages, distinguished by the variety in their roofs and mystic symbols of their spires. The two great towers of Pope John the XIIth's palace were also visible : that pontiff known by his fulminating Bulls against the pointed hoods of the Cordeliers, and his anathemas against the opposers of the beatific vision. On the right we saw Mount Ventoux, which is only detached from the clouds by the ridges of snow that surround it. On witnessing the charming

* When the writer visited Vaucluse in August, 1817, it was necessary to descend more than twenty feet into the upper part of the fountain before he reached the water, which is, at that season, perfectly tranquil, and of a transparent dark blue.

† Vide his ode *Onde, fresche e chiare*, &c.

diversity of all these objects, I soon became a convert to the opinion of Delille, who calls the vale of Vaucluse *one of the most smiling in the world.*

On our return to the village, my attention was drawn towards a genteel looking female, seated on a rock, leaning forwards with both hands to her face. She had all the semblance of one immersed in the deepest sorrow. Adrien ran to the spot and kissed one of her hands, while I approached to apologize for the intrusion. "My young friend has mentioned your name," said she; "and the meeting is by no means disagreeable to me." Without even knowing who the fair stranger could be, I was forcibly struck by the tender tone of her voice, and the melancholy grace which appeared to pervade her whole address and manner. Her features, deprived of the rosy freshness of youth, had acquired new charms from the grief which seemed to have withered them: it was also easy to perceive, that the vivacity of her eyes had been dimmed by tears, and that a profound dejection had become the aliment of her life. As I do not relate an episode of romance, the reader will dispense with my stating the particulars of our subsequent interview, that led to the following recital, which, however singular it may appear, is nevertheless founded on a well-authenticated fact.

I give the sad story in the words of Madame du ——, who did not authorise me to make her known under any other name than that of Madame de Vanière.

Married at the age of sixteen to a general officer, the brother of my eldest sister's husband, we continued to live in a constant interchange of affection and the greatest domestic tranquillity for a year, at a beautiful villa on the banks of the Rhone. Some days previous to the departure of her husband, as well as my own, for Egypt, where they both followed the fortunes of NAPOLEON, my sister was delivered of a boy who was born blind; being also pregnant, this unfortunate event, added to so distressing a separation, and the troubles which afflicted my poor sister for several

months after her *accouchement*, had such an effect on me, that the infant from whose existence I anticipated so much happiness, proved to be afflicted with the same calamity as its little cousin! How am I to describe the cares and anxieties which these two infants occasioned their ill-fated mothers! Our affection for them grew out of, and increased with the griefs that preceded their birth; and the more we dreaded the destiny with which they were threatened, the more we felt the necessity of rendering their infancy happy.

Nature, in depriving them of sight, had endowed them with great personal beauty; and what was still more advantageous, she seemed to have given them the same disposition. While yet in the cradle, and at their mothers' breasts, Julius and Amelia were inseparable; the same education, while it enlightened their minds, also tended to confirm their existence into one. It was from our own ideas and sensations that we were at first enabled to appreciate the misfortunes of our infants, but we soon perceived that we felt many evils for them which they could not experience, and regrets, of which they must have been ignorant. Certain that they enjoyed all the happiness attached to their condition, our tenderness suggested the propriety of not impressing their minds with any images which could give rise to ideas of privation.

The instinct of love which had united them from the cradle became a passion in their youth. I make use of the word passion, in the absence of one that expresses a sentiment, wherein all the affections of the human heart are blended. This tender tie had no model: Julius and Amelia loved each other for the sake of existence, as people like the air they breathe, or the traveller an unexpected source in the desert.

Constantly pursued by the same fatality, my sister lost her husband under the walls of St. John d'Acre, and mine only survived for a few months after his return to France. I shall not dwell on our sufferings and grief at these melancholy events, but we were too necessary for our children not to support them with fortitude.

Amelia and Julius having reached an age at which we might reasonably think of realizing the only wish of their hearts, and that which was dearest to our own hopes, we settled the period of their union, Julius was now almost seventeen, while Amelia had attained her sixteenth year.

A celebrated physician happening to visit our retirement, he examined their eyes, and assured us that, as their blindness proceeded from a cataract, they might be restored to sight. The extreme joy caused by this gratifying piece of news, was far from being participated in by those who were the objects of it; they could only conceive a different mode of loving each other, in the proposed operation, and having no idea of any thing beyond the sentiment which occupied all their thoughts, an additional sense appeared to be a new source of distraction, which they repelled as unnecessary, if not irksome.

The poets, Julius would say, have all agreed in representing Cupid as blind: nature has realized that amiable fiction for us: why should we renounce her proffered gift?—"I do not want to see Julius," said Amelia, "I only wish to love him!"

Until this period we had abstained from speaking to them on the advantages attached to the possession of a sense which we had every right to believe they never would have enjoyed; but the hope with which we were now flattered prescribed a different course: we therefore endeavoured to give them some idea of the beauties of nature, and to inspire a wish, on their part, of penetrating the veil which concealed them, but they still continued to substitute sentiment for imagery. "Amelia is more beautiful than day," said Julius, "I will not compare them."—"You teach me," continued Amelia, "that the sun is more brilliant than Julius; if so, I do not want to see it, lest I should hate him!"

Our tears having produced that effect on their hearts which our reasoning could not on their minds, the idea of rendering us more happy at length determined them to make the sacrifice we required from their tenderness.

They underwent the operation together: no sooner was the apparatus removed than my sister threw herself into the arms of her son. "Mother!" he cried with transport, "I see you!"—"And Julius," said Amelia, heaving a deep sigh, "do you know me again?"—Here he pressed her to his heart, but she already perceived that his first glance was not bestowed on her!

The moment the bandage fell from the eyes of my daughter, the abyss of sorrow, which was to consume my life, also opened under my feet; a feeble ray of light, died away in the first sight of her lover; and she fell once more into that night of darkness of which she thenceforth began to feel all the horrors!

Julius left nothing untried to console her. "I ought to be happy," she would say to him, bursting into tears, "at the idea of your possessing this new source of joy and comfort, but I have not strength enough to be so; my whole life was centered in our attachment, and that was founded on our mutual ignorance of every other blessing; you will now see objects that are unknown to me; you will acquire new ideas; we shall no longer sympathize with each other; and I would rather die a thousand times than live in the apprehension of being an object of indifference to you."—"I shall have ceased to breathe," replied Julius, "before such a fear enters your breast; this light which enables me to see renders you more dear than ever to my heart; in showing you so beautiful, the delight of gazing on you, only adds to the ardour of my passion; no, my beloved Amelia, we will never separate, for I shall always be your guide and support."—"The order of nature is changed for us," interrupted Amelia; "there is but one man on earth for me, while you have eyes for all the sex!" From that moment jealousy had found its way to her heart, creating an impenetrable asylum in darkness and silence, where no other sentiment could dislodge it. Julius vainly endeavoured to conceal those lively impressions he received from his recent acquisition; it was in vain that he checked those transports, excited in him by the spectacle of nature, while in her pre-

sence ; Amelia, too, would interrogate him under the pretext of being instructed, and always terminated the interview by this cruel reflection :—we no longer inhabit the same world !

" If ever I am sufficiently recovered," continued Madame de Vanière, " to be enabled to collect my scattered thoughts and recollections, so as to retrace the incidents of those days without effacing them with my tears, I shall probably reveal some secrets of the human heart, which have escaped the attention of the most profound moralists and keenest observers. But how can I, after the short lapse of four years, dwell on a detail of the dreadful event which remains to be communicated."

Neither the unalterable tenderness of Julius, nor our united solicitations, could bring back my daughter to the idea of consenting to a marriage which could no longer unite their destinies ; but we hoped that time would enable us to vanquish her resistance ; with this view we came to pass the summer season here with an uncle of my husband's, whose amiable and philosophic turn had established great influence over the mind of Amelia.

The first time he conducted us to the fountain, Julius could not restrain the

impulse of admiration which seized him, and was only roused from his ecstasy by a shriek from his mother and myself, on seeing my daughter, who held his arm, fall senseless on the ground ! We carried her to the grotto, where she soon recovered. " Julius," said she, squeezing his hand, " then there are objects, besides me, that can please you !" The mortal blow had been struck ; at the end of another month, the sufferings of my Amelia were at an end : she slept in the tomb. . . .

Madame de Vanière could not proceed : tears and sobs choked her utterance : she accepted my arm, and we returned to her uncle's house. It was from Adrien that I heard the end of this deplorable adventure.

The unhappy Julius could not survive the loss of his Amelia ; for three successive months after he used to visit the grotto every morning, and pass some hours there ; from one of these visits he never returned, thus leaving his disconsolate parent and agonized aunt every reason to believe he met with his death in that very fountain, the aspect of which had been the cause of such a fatal transport !

Oct. 4, 1819.

B.

SECOND SPEECH OF CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ.

BEFORE THE BIBLE SOCIETY, NOVEMBER 4, 1819.

From the European Magazine.

SPEECH OF MR. PHILLIPS AT THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE FOREIGN AND BRITISH AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY, HELD AT THE MANSION HOUSE, ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1819.

HAVING, in our last Number, presented our Readers with the Speech of Charles Phillips, Esq. at the Anniversary Meeting of the Gloucestershire Auxiliary Missionary Society, at Cheltenham, Oct. 7,* we now, with pleasure, present them with another specimen of the oratorical abilities of that gentleman, delivered at the Mansion-house, on the 4th instant, at a Meeting of the City of London Auxiliary Bible Society.

After the Report had been read, and several Speakers had delivered their sentiments, Mr. Phillips rose, and addressed the audience nearly in the following words :—

" Although I have not had the honour either of proposing or seconding any of your

resolutions, still, as a native of that country so pointedly alluded to in your report, I hope I may be indulged in a few observations. The crisis in which we are placed is, I hope, a sufficient apology in itself for any intrusion : but I find such apology is rendered more than unnecessary by the courtesy of this reception. Indeed, my Lord, when we see the omens which are every day arising—when we see blasphemy openly avowed—when we see the Scriptures audaciously ridiculed—when in this Christian monarchy the den of the republican and the deist yawns for the unwary in your most public thoroughfare—when marts are ostentatiously opened, where the moral poison may be purchased, whose subtle venom enters the very soul—when infidelity has become an article of commerce, and man's perdition may be cheapened at the stall of every pedlar—no friend of society should continue silent—it is no longer a question of political privilege—of sectarian controversy—of theological discussion ;—it is become a question, whether Christianity itself shall stand, or whether we shall let go

[* Published a few days since in some of the American newspapers.]

the firm anchor of our faith, and drift without chart or helm, or compass, into the shoreless ocean of impiety and blood ! I despise as much as any man, the whine of bigotry---I will go as far as any man for rational liberty, but I will not depose my God to deify the infidel, or tear in pieces the charter of the state, and group for a constitution amongst the murky pigeon-holes of every creedless, lawless, insurated regicide. When I saw the other day, my Lord, the chief bacchanal of their orgies---the man with whom the Apostles were cheats, and the Prophets liars, and Jesus an impostor, on his memorable trial, withering hour after hour with the most horrid blasphemies---surrounded by the votaries of every sect, and the heads of every faith---the Christian Archbishop---the Jewish Rabbi---the men most eminent for their piety and their learning, whom he had purposely collected to hear his infidel ridicule of all they revered---when I saw him raise the Holy Bible in one hand, and the Age of Reason in the other, as it were confronting the Almighty with a rebel worm, till the pious judge grew pale, and the patient jury interposed, and the self-convicted wretch himself, after having raved away all his original impiety, was reduced into a mere machine, for the re-production of the ribald blasphemy of others--- I could not help exclaiming, ‘ Infatuated man---if all your impracticable madness could be realised, what would you give us in exchange for our establishments ? what would you substitute for that august tribunal---for whom would you displace that independent judge, and that impartial jury ?---or would you really burn the Gospel and erase the statutes, for the dreadful equivalent of the crucifix and the guillotine ?’ Indeed, if I was asked for a practical panegyric on our constitution, I would adduce the very trial of that criminal---and if the legal annals of any country upon earth furnished an instance, not merely of such justice, but of such patience, such forbearance, such almost culpable indulgence, I would concede to him the triumph. I hope, too, in what I say, I shall not be considered as forsaking that illustrious example---I hope I am above an insult on any man in his situation---perhaps, had I the power, I would follow the example further than I ought---perhaps I would even humble him into an evidence of the very spirit he spurned---and as our creed was reviled in his person, and vindicated in his conviction, so I would give it its noblest triumph in his sentence, and merely consign him to *the punishment of its mercy*. But, indeed, my Lord, the fate of this half-infidel, half-trading martyr, matters very little in comparison of that of the thousands he has corrupted. He has literally disseminated a moral plague, against which even the nation’s quarantine can scarce avail us. It has poisoned the fresh blood of infancy---it has disheartened the last hope of age---if his own account of its circulation be correct, hundreds of thousands must be this instant tainted with the infectious venom, whose sting dies not with destruction of the body. Imagine not because the pestilence smites not at once, that its fatality is less certain---imagine not because the lower orders are the earliest

victims, that the more elevated will not suffer in their turn : the most mortal chilness begins at the extremities, and you may depend upon it nothing but time and apathy are wanting to change this healthful land into a charnel-house, where murder, anarchy, and prostitution, and the whole hell brood of infidelity, will quaff the heart’s blood of the consecrated and the noble.

My Lord, I am the more indignant at these designs because they are sought to be concealed in the disguise of liberty. It is the duty of every real friend of liberty to tear the mask from the fiend who has usurped it.---No, no, this is not our island goddess, bearing the mountain freshness on her cheek, and scattering the valley’s bounty from her hand, known by the lights that herald her fair presence, the peaceful virtues that attend her path, and the long blaze of glory that lingers in her train---it is a demon, speaking fair indeed---tempting our faith with airy hopes and visionary realms, but even within the foldings of its mantle hiding the bloody symbol of its purpose.---Hear not its sophistry ; guard your child against it ; draw round your homes the consecrated circle which it dare not enter. You will find an amulet in the religion of your country---it is the great mound raised by the Almighty for the protection of humanity---it stands between you and the lava of human passions ; and, oh, believe me, if you wait tamely by, while it is basely undermined, the fiery deluge will roll on, before which all that you hold dear, or venerable, or sacred, will wither into ashes. Believe no one who tells you that the friends of freedom are now, or ever were the enemies of religion. They know too well that rebellion against God cannot prove the basis of government for man, and that the loftiest structure impiety can raise is but the Babel monument of its impotence, and its pride, mocking the builders with a moment’s strength and then covering them with inevitable confusion. Do you want an example ? only look to France. The microscopic vision of your rabble blasphemers has not sight enough to contemplate the mighty minds which commenced her revolution. The wit---the sage---the orator---the hero---the whole family of genius furnished forth their treasures, and gave them nobly to the nation’s exigence ; they had great provocation---they had a glorious cause---they had all that human potency could give them. But they relied too much upon this human potency---they abjured their God, and, as a natural consequence, they murdered their King---they culled their polluted deities from the brothel, and the fall of the idol extinguished the flame of the altar. They crowded the scaffold with all their country held of genius or of virtue, and when the peerage and the prelacy were exhausted, the mob-executioner of to-day became the mob-victim of to-morrow. No sex was spared---no age respected---no suffering pitied---and all this they did in the sacred name of liberty, though in the deluge of human blood, they left not a mountain top for the ark of liberty to rest on. But Providence was neither ‘dead nor sleeping.’ It mattered not that for a moment their impiety seemed to prosper---that victory panted after their ensanguined banners---that as their insatiate en-

gle soared against the sun he seemed but to replume his wing and to renew his vision,—it was only for a moment, and you see at last that in the very banquet of their triumph, the Almighty's vengeance *blazed upon the wall*, and their diadem fell from the brow of the idolator. My Lord, I will not abjure the altar, the throne, and the constitution for the bloody tinsel of this revolutionary pantomime. I prefer my God, even to the impious democracy of their Pantheon—I will not desert my King, even for the political equality of their Pandemonium. I must see some better authority than the Fleet-Street Temple, before I forego the principles which I imbibed in my youth, and to which I look forward as the consolation of my age; those all protecting principles which at once guard, and consecrate, and sweeten, the social intercourse which gives life, happiness; and death, hope; which constitute man's purity; his best protection, placing the infant's cradle and the female's couch beneath the sacred shelter of the national morality. Neither Mr. Paine, nor Mr. Palmer, nor all the venom-breathing brood, shall swindle from me the book where I have learned these precepts—in despite of all their scoff, and scorn, and menacing, I say, of the sacred volume they would obliterate. It is a book of facts, as well authenticated as any heathen history—a book of miracles, incontestably avouched—a book of prophecy, confirmed by past as well as present fulfilment—a book of poetry, pure and natural, and elevated even to inspiration—a book of morals, such as human wisdom never framed for the perfection of human happiness. My Lord, I will abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mysteries, and as far as in me lies practise the mandates of this sacred volume; and should the ridicule of earth and the blasphemy of hell assail me, I shall console myself by the contemplation of those blessed spirits who, in the same holy cause, have toiled, and shone, and suffered. In the 'goodly fellowship of the Saints'—in the noble army of the Martyrs'—in the society of the great, and good, and wise of every nation; if my sinfulness be not cleansed, and my darkness illumined, at least my pretensionless submission may be excused;—if I err with the luminaries I have chosen for my guides, I confess myself captivated by the loveliness of their aberrations. If they err, it is in an heavenly region—if they

wander, it is in fields of light—if they aspire, it is at all events a glorious daring; and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust, I am content to cheat myself with their vision of eternity. It may, indeed, be nothing but delusion, but then I err with the disciples of philosophy and of virtue—with men who have drank deep at the fountain of human knowledge, but who dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draught. I err with Bacon, the great confidant of nature, fraught with all the learning of the past, and almost prescient of the future; yet too wise not to know his weakness, and too philosophic not to feel his ignorance. I err with Milton, rising on an angel's wing to heaven, and like the bird of morn, soaring out of light amid the music of his grateful piety. I err with Locke, whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its source, whose warm love of genuine liberty was never chilled into rebellion with its author. I err with Newton, whose star-like spirit shooting athwart the darkness of the sphere, too soon to re-ascend to the home of his nativity. I err with Franklin, the patriot of the world, the playmate of the lightning, the philosopher of liberty, whose electric touch thrilled thro' the hemisphere. With men like these, my Lord, I shall remain in error, nor shall I desert those errors even for the drunken deathbed of a Paine, or the delirious war-whoop of the surviving fiends, who would erect his altar on the ruins of society. In my opinion it is difficult to say, whether their tenets are more ludicrous or more detestable. They will not obey the King or the Prince, or the Parliament, or the Constitution, but they will obey anarchy. They will not believe in the Prophets—in Moses—in Mahomet—in Christ—but they believe in Tom Paine! With no government but confusion, and no creed but scepticism, I believe, in my soul, they would abjure the one, if it became legitimate, and rebel against the other, if it was once established. Holding, my Lord, opinions such as these, I should consider myself culpable, if, at such a crisis, I did not declare them. A lover of my country, I yet draw a line between patriotism and rebellion. A warm friend to liberty of conscience, I will not confound toleration with infidelity. With all its ambiguity, I shall die in the doctrines of the Christian faith; and with all its errors, I am contented to live under the glorious safeguards of the British constitution."

VARIETIES.

From the London Magazines, November and December, 1819.

ROBBERS.

A German journal (*the Polizei Fama*) states, that in 1512, four persons were arrested and executed, in a city in the north of Germany, having been convicted of robbing 631 churches, and committing 70 murders. Unfortunately, previous to their arrest, the judges, deceived by probabilities and perjured

witnesses, had condemned, and *executed*, as guilty of the above crimes, 119 persons; namely, 3 priests, 18 sacraments, 80 men, and 18 women! Assuredly, adds the journalists, had the *institution of the jury* existed at that period, the judges would not have had to reproach themselves with these 119 judicial murders.

LORD FITZWILLIAM.

Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam was formerly a student at Trinity Hall : he took his Master of Arts degree in 1764, and afterwards travelled through most parts of Europe. He died on the 5th of Feb. 1816, and left to the University of Cambridge his splendid library, pictures, drawings, and engravings, together with 60,000l. for the erection of a Museum for their reception. In this valuable collection there are more than 10,000 proof prints by the first artists ; a very extensive library of rare and expensive works, amongst which there are near 300 Roman Missals superbly illuminated. There is also a very scarce and curious collection of the best ancient music, containing the original Virginal book of Queen Elizabeth, and many of the works of Handel (of whom his Lordship was an enthusiastic admirer) in the hand-writing of that great master.

The following is an extract from his Lordship's will :

" I give and bequeath unto the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, all my capital stock in the New South Sea Annuities, to be had and held by them and their successors for ever. And as to all my pictures, portraits, prints, drawings, and engravings, whether framed, glazed, or otherwise. And also the frames and glass thereof respectively. All my books, printed, engraved, or manuscript, bound or unbound. All my music, bound or unbound. All my busts, statues, medals, gems, precious stones, and bronzes whatsoever, which shall belong to me at the time of my decease. I give and bequeath the same unto the said Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the said University of Cambridge and their successors for ever."

KELLS COAL MINE.

On Saturday last, Oct. 30, three explosions took place in Kells pit, near Whitehaven, and occasioned the death of 20 out of 22 unfortunate colliers who were working in it. Notwithstanding the most prompt assistance rendered by the stewards aided by the introduction of air pipes, it was with the greatest difficulty that the bodies were approached ; fourteen of which were removed on Sunday and Monday. The two survivors, Patrick M'Avoy and his son, were only rescued from their perilous situation early on Monday morning, in a most deplorable state. This was a most unexpected occurrence, every precaution having been used, and an excellent ventilation regularly preserved. The explosion proceeded from a part of the workings where the pillars are removed, and where the atmospheric air was forced over the broken parts as much as possible. The overseers and workmen had orders to examine daily whether any fire-damp existed in this part of the pit, and on no occasion had any been perceived. It is one of the regulations in the Whitehaven collieries, that no hewer shall approach his work without a Davy, or Safety Lamp ; and with one, he may safely explore, let the quantity of fire-damp be what it may. The present lamentable event was the consequence of this regulation not being observed ; and possibly the indiscretion of one individual led to the catastrophe. These workings in Kells pit had been quite free

from fire-damp, and on Friday evening they were left in supposed safety. Impressed with the idea of a total absence of danger, workmen become more adventurous, and are apt to consult their own convenience in the utter neglect of the rules framed for general benefit. Sir Humphrey Davy's admirable lamp, if kept in order, is perfect security to the miner. From its construction, however, the light it affords is not so strong as can be obtained by other means, and miners are frequently induced to remove the safety cylinder, or to have recourse to candles, thereby occasioning danger which otherwise would be avoided. Fatal as has been this lamentable accident, had it occurred an hour later, more persons would probably have suffered, as a great many of the work people at this pit had not assembled. The men taken out alive, remained in the pit above thirty-six hours, exposed to the noxious vapour occasioned by the explosion, and probably owe their lives to having upon them good flannel shirts, which in a great degree preserved them from the fire, and kept them warm afterwards. These two persons, with five others, had retreated into some old workings, where the air was less impure, but their companions did not survive ; and when found, had no shirts upon them, and for want of covering may have perished by cold. It is surprising that the two men could so long exist in the place where they were, as the air was so impure that the lamps would not burn, when the people went to bring them out. A little dog, the property of the two men, was also taken out alive, and was lying close by his masters.

MUSICAL IDIOCRASY OF A DOG.

A large water-s spaniel (says Professor Pictet in his *Bibliothèque Universelle*), belonging to one of our friends, whose residence is very near our own, appears to be in general quite indifferent to music, both vocal and instrumental ; but if you sing or play to him a certain air, an old romance ("l'âne de notre moulin est mort, la pauvre bête," &c.) which is a lamentable ditty, in the minor key, the dog begins by looking at you very pitifully, then he gapes repeatedly, shewing always increasing signs of impatience and uneasiness ; lastly, he sits upright on his hinder legs, and begins to howl louder and louder, so that he can no longer hear the voice of the person who sings, or the sound of the instrument. If you stop, he stops also. Trials have been made, by beginning the experiment with another air, and falling, without making any pause, into the romance in question ; the dog does not seem to perceive the singing, till you come to the air which he cannot endure, and to which he has not been able to accustom himself. He then manifests, without

exception or variation, the series of actions which we have just described, and of which many hundred persons have been witnesses ; for this fact has been, and still is, the object of the curiosity of all those who have heard it spoken of.

WASP-EATER.

A few days since a fellow in the neighbourhood of Frimley, named Fisher, whose gluttonous propensities have acquired him the by-name of the *Cormorant*, undertook for a trifling wager, to eat a dozen live wasps, with

their stings in them, and demolish two pounds of raw salmon, in the short space of ten minutes. This he achieved with comparative expedition, notwithstanding he was sorely perplexed over his *first course*.—He afterwards offered to eat wasps wholesale, at the rate of 6d. per. dozen : this he continued doing till he had consumed nearly two dozen of these creatures, when his throat and mouth became so dreadfully swollen and inflamed, that he was obliged to desist, in a state almost bordering on madness and suffocation.

POETRY.

From the Monthly Magazines, Nov. and Dec. 1819.

SONG.

FROM "LYRICAL DRAMAS."* BY CORNELIUS NEALE.

DID ye see the red rose on its bonny green stem,
As it open'd its lips for the dew ?
The newly fledged birds, did ye look upon them,
Just fluttering their wings ere they flew ?
Did ye mark the young light, dawning dim in the east,
With the clouds cold and silent above ?
Did ye hear the bells ring at 'the village-spread feast,
And see the young bride and her love ?
Oh, the rose, it has bloom'd, it has wither'd, 'tis dead,
And its leaves blown away with a breath ;
Oh, the birds, they are grown, they are strong, they
are fled,
And the fowler has done them to death :
Oh, the light brightened forth over woodland and dell,
Then it faded and faded away :
Oh, the bells that were ringing, are knolling a knell,
And the bride and her love, where are they ?

TO GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.
Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.
The Moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !
She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade ;

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He le' p'd amid a murderous hand,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land !

And how she wept, and claspt his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

* Just published.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long ;

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame :
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She haſfenelosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace !
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

VERSES TO THE MISSES L—,

CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES.

By Thomas Campbell. Esq.

A DIEU ! Romance's heroines,
Give me the nymphs who this good hour
May charm me, not in fiction's scenes,
But teach me Beauty's living power ;—
My harp, that has been mute too long,
Shall sleep at beauty's name no more,
So but your smiles reward my song,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore,---

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
The rays of purity and truth,
Such as we fancy woman's seeming,
In the creation's golden youth ;
The more I look upon thy grace,
Rosina, I could look the more,
But for Jemima's witching face,
And the sweet voice of Eleanore.

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits, till I'd painted yours,
And these had future hearts enchanted,
When this poor verse no more endures ;
I would have left the Congress faces,
A dull-ey'd diplomatic corps,
Till I had group'd you as the Graces,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him ;
Your poet's heart is catholic too ;
His rosary shall be flow'r's ye send him,
His saint-days when he visits you ;
And my sere laurels for my duty,
Miraculous at your touch would rise,
Could I give verse one trait of beauty,
Like that which glads me from your eyes.

Unseal'd by you these lips have spoken,
Disus'd to song for many a day,
Ye've tun'd a harp whose strings were broken
And warm'd a heart of callous clay ;
So when my fancy next refuses,
To twine for you a garland more,
Come back again and be my Muses,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

INTELLIGENCE.

A SPLENDID work is now publishing in Paris, entitled *The Natural History of Mammiferous Animals*; with original figures, painted from living animals. The authors are, M. St. HILAIRE, professor of zoology in the Museum of Natural History, &c. and M. CUVIER, superintendent of the Royal Menagerie.

Four numbers have appeared, in folio, with six plates to each number. No other collection but the Museum presents such an assemblage of circumstances favourable to the undertaking.

The text in these numbers is by M. Cuvier. Thirteen of the figures represent animals well known : three belong to species which have been drawn from subjects not living, and eight represent animals that have never been pourtrayed. The descriptions embrace what is known relative to the exterior organs, and the use made of them, with that degree of intelligence which is peculiar to the individual. The females and the young are accurately described ; and every circumstance connected with the re-production of the species is carefully noted. Particulars of this kind are fully detailed with respect to the Moufflon of Corsica, the Macako of Buf-

fon, the Maki with a white forehead, and the Stag of Louisiana.

The following reflection appears in the description of the maki.—“ There is a law still more general and more important than the faculty of re-production ; and that is, the preservation of individual liberty. Generation never takes place when the animal is bowing under the weight of slavery. All the arts resorted to, to effect this result, have proved in effectual ; and it appears, that, even instinct is effaced from their intellect, by a second nature, engendered by the habits of slavery.”

Whatever has a relation to the printing, lithography, the colouring of the figures, is executed in a manner that does honour to the parties. All the essential characters are delineated with a fidelity and correctness that surpass all preceding attempts of the kind.

In the press, “ A Sicilian Tale, and other Poems ;” by Barry Cornwall.

*** This is a volume which the lovers of poetry look forward to with high hopes.

Winter Evening Tales, in 2 vols. 12mo. by Mr. JAMES HOGG, author of “ Queen's Wake,” “ Brownie of Bodsbeck,” &c. &c.